Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY FOR £2,000

Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 267.—Vol. XXI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, January 13, 1909 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Lafayette*

A CHARMING SCOTTISH COUNTESS

The latest portrait of the Countess of Dalhousie, the Earl of Ancaster's youngest daughter, who, née Lady Mary Adelaide Heathcote-Drummond-Willoughby, married the Earl of Dalhousie in 1903. She is not very much in London, preferring to entertain in Scotland, where the Earl has three stately homes—Dalhousie and Brechin Castles, in Midlothian and Brechin, and Panmure House, Carnoustie—which will be in due course inherited by the son and heir, Lord Ramsay, who is four

No. 267—Vol. XXI.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, January 13, 1909

	PAGE
Frontispiece	53
The World's Pageant	55
Naval Topics of the Moment	64
Random Jottings	65
The Playhouses	68
The Holiday Season in Theatreland	69
In the Near East	72
Art: The R.A.'s New Departure	73
The Flight to Warmer (and Colder) Climes	75
Fashion's Retreat from Winter: Scene on the Terrace at Monte Carlo	78
By Field, Stream, and Covert	82
"The Bystander" Short Story—"The Watch Dog." By R. Ramsay	85
The Library	92
A Trans-African Motor Trip	93
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	94
Automobile Topics	100
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows	104
A Woman's Note Book	x

RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, and stories of about 3,000 words in length of strong dramatic interest. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

EMPIRE.—A DAY IN PARIS. Beats All Records.
LYDIA KYASHT will Introduce New Dances.
A BLANK CHEQUE. And Specially Selected Varieties.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.0. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

"Babies of All Nations." By May Bryan. (Frowde, Hodder and Stoughton: 3*s.* 6*d.*)
"The Poems of A. C. Benson." (Lane: 5*s.* net.)
"The Courtship of Sybil." By L. T. Meade. (Long: 6*s.* net.)
"Secret History of the Court of Berlin." (Long: 1*s.* net.)
"The Levantine Riviera." By W. T. Beeby, M.D. (Reynolds-Ball: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"When the Women Reign." By Jesse Wilson. (Stockwell: 2*s.* net.)
"A Shuttlecock for Critics." By James Eaton. (Stockwell: 2*s.* net.)
"Dante Gabriel Rossetti." By Frank Rutter. (Grant Richards: 2*s.* net.)
"Business Success." By W. H. Cottingham. (Grant Richards: 1*s.* net.)
"Peter Pan's Post Bag." (Heinemann. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Great Victorian Age." By M. B. Synge, F.R.Hist.S. (Hodder and Stoughton: 2*s.* 6*d.*)
"Flowers of the World." By Mrs. H. Tippett. (Long: 6*s.*)
"Sweet Isabel of Narragoon." By Lionel Laggard. (Greening: 6*s.*)
"Some Ladies in Haste." By R. W. Chambers. (Constable: 6*s.*)
"William Callow." By H. M. Cundall. (A. and C. Black: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Humana's Quest." By Mackenzie Fairflax. (A. Brooker.)
"The Mind of Napoleon." (Sisley's: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"When Diamonds were Trumps." By Reginald Herbert. (Southwood: 21*s.* net.)
"Travel and Exploration." January, 1909. (Witherby; 1*s.* net.)
"The Diary of a Lost One." By Margaret Böhme. (Sisley's: 1*s.* net.)
"Memories of Famous Trials." By Evelyn Barnaby. (Sisley's: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Pinkie and the Fairies." By W. G. Robertson. (Heinemann: 1*s.* net.)
"The Cleansing of a City." (Greening: 1*s.* net.)
"The *African World* Annual, 1909." (*African World* Co.)
"Little Perkie." By Seton May. (Simpkin, Marshall: 2*s.* net.)
"The Road to Feminine Perfection." By Mlle. Julie Bon-ton. (Proprietors of the *Idler*: 1*s.* net.)
"The Children's Encyclopædia." Part XXII. Edited by A. Mee. (7*d.* net.)

THE BYSTANDER

Ready Every Wednesday

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION (Post Free).

	At Home	Abroad (Canada excepted)	Canada
Twelve Months (52 Numbers)	£1 8 2	£1 15 0	$7.39
Six Months (26 Numbers)	14 1	17 6	$3.70
Three Months (13 Numbers)	7 1	8 9	$1.85

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, either through a local Newsagent, or direct to the Publisher,
"THE BYSTANDER" OFFICE, TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, E.C.
NOTICE—Paris Office for Subscriptions and Advertisements: MARC DORMOY, 35, Rue Lafayette.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be 1*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

Vol. XX. Now Ready.

A SPLENDID GIFT

The New Volume of THE BYSTANDER, bound in green and stamped cloth, with gold letterings,

Price 10/6

Vol. XX. (October to December, 1908) contains nearly 1,000 Pages and 2,000 Pictures. The most complete illustrated record of the World's doings to be found in any publication.

Postal Rate for British Isles, 1s. extra.

Those who bind their issues in volume should write for the

TITLE PAGE AND INDEX

enclosing Penny Stamp, to the Publisher, THE BYSTANDER. Handsome Binding Cases can also be had

Price 1s. 6d. or by post 1s. 9d. each.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

THE GRAPHIC PUBLICATIONS.

	Per annum	At Home	Canada	Elsewhere Abroad
The Graphic (*Including the Summer and Xmas Nos.*)	"	30/-	32/-	37/6
The Daily Graphic	"	39/-	52/-	52/-
The Daily Graphic (*Weekly Part only, 5 Nos.*)	"	43/6	34/8	43/6
The Bystander	"	28/2	30/4	35/-

All Applications or Remittances should be sent direct to the Publisher, THE GRAPHIC OFFICE, TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.
Paris Office for Subscriptions and Advertisements: MARC DORMOY, 35, Rue Lafayette.

Photo *E.N.A.*

Roumania's Happy Event

The Crown Princess of Roumania

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The Crown Princess Marie of Roumania, daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh, has just had a daughter, while the Queen of Holland was recently the subject of an interesting announcement—to the effect that a "happy event" may be expected in April

Photo *Guy de Coral*

Holland's Fondest Hope

The Queen of Holland's latest portrait

To Berlin

The movements of Royalty and Society have been subject to many changes of late, and many intelligent anticipations have proved a little off the line. It is decided, however, that the State visit of King Edward and Queen Alexandra to Berlin shall take place after all in February. Considering recent events, some sort of *amende* is due to the Kaiser, and everybody is glad at the turn of the tide. The tone of his Majesty's "military lecture" to his devoted Generals was, however, quite as gory as ever. A few weeks ago, when the Kaiser was a trifle *piano*, his talk was all of going South, and the King was subjected to a severe chill, so it appeared that the visit might be given up or postponed. As I mentioned, the workmen engaged in putting the big Berlin Palace tidy for the English Sovereigns' reception were told to cease from troubling. Fortunately, however, the Kaiser soon recovered, and the King's cold gave way unexpectedly to medicated baths and massage, and once more the visit was "on." The Berliners, who do things handsomely when they are about it, mean to welcome the King and Queen very splendidly when they visit their capital. Whatever the diplomatic relations may be, the Germans see in King Edward the embodiment of the "constitutional" idea of government, and their "*hochs*" for him will, just now, have an unusual heartiness and significance.

* * *

To Stay in Biarritz

After Berlin, and the return to London to open Parliament, Biarritz will be favoured with a visit, for medical opinion approves of the balmy air of this sheltered spot. The King will be in his usual quarters, arriving at about the end of February, and will stay perhaps a month, which will, it is hoped, not be interrupted this year by another Cabinet crisis. A cruise in the Mediterranean will follow, when the King will be accompanied by the Queen and Princess Victoria in the *Victoria and Albert*. The projected visit to Athens to meet the King of Greece will follow. It is not unlikely that a meeting between King Edward and the King of Italy may take place, "provided always" that no earthquakes intervene. Easter will see the Sovereign home again, when their Majesties will have a house-party at Sandringham.

* * *

Batavian Hopes and Roumanian Joys

The rather startling publicity which is given to all the domestic happenings of the Royal House of Holland

The Commonwealth's New "Chief": Lord Dudley (on the left) Arrives

Australia's new Governor-General, the Earl of Dudley, who was such a popular Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, has already made himself very much liked in the Antipodes. This photograph shows his arrival in Melbourne (his Daimler car in waiting)

Diplomatic Chops and Changes

has advertised the fact that hopes of a direct heir to the Dutch Crown are again entertained. It is unfortunate that these affairs are talked of so fully, but the importance to the State in the present critical situation is very marked.

* * *

The Importance of an Heir

Of course, it is well known that if the Queen has no heir the Crown passes to the Princes of Reuss—than which Germany desires nothing better. Of the two Reuss brothers, it is said that the elder has no taste for a throne, but that the younger, who has been an Attaché at the German Embassy in Paris, is of the world worldly. Meanwhile, hopes of an heir run high, and the Queen of Holland awaits events with somewhat pathetic anxiety. Some of the experts have given the date as "early in February," but the Queen-Mother, communicating not long ago with an English friend, has named April as the joyful month. The Queen is a typical Dutch woman, and is described by those who know as "ridiculously happy" with her Consort.

* * *

Europe's Most Artistic Princess

The artistic Crown Princess of Roumania has just given birth to another daughter, to whom, it is said, King Edward will become godfather. Princess Marie was the prettiest daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Archduchess Marie Alexandrovna, whose only son died so early and so sadly. The Princess is, therefore, closely connected with the reigning houses of England and Russia, and is at once beautiful, clever, and immensely popular in the State to which her husband, Prince Ferdinand, is the heir-apparent. Her dash of "bohemianism," her artistic tastes and originality, and her engaging frankness, are well known. The latter quality makes her not very fond of Englishwomen, because, for some odd reason, she thinks they lack it. . . . Well, well, perhaps they do!

Photo *Nuevo Mundo*

Germany's New Ambassador to Spain: Count Tattenbach (on right)

With the *personnel* of the German Embassy in Madrid, whither the Count has just been promoted as a reward for his redoubtable efforts in Morocco

* * *

Diplomatic Removes

Count Tattenbach, who has just been appointed German Minister at Madrid, will make a striking and important figure at the energetic Court of the youngest Sovereign in Europe. The Count is tall and handsome, the arch-type of German skill and courage. England especially remembers him in connection with the varying situations in Northern Africa and the Western Mediterranean. In 1905 he was a power in Morocco, and later his great work was done in connection with the Algeciras *entente*, which settled so many questions—for how long? The German temperament has always found the diplomacies of Madrid rather difficult, and one wonders whether the victorious Count will continue his successes. Another diplomat of interest at the moment is M. Poklewski-Koziell, the Russian Embassy's well-known Councillor, who has been appointed Russian Minister to Teheran. A *persona grata* at Buckingham Palace, it was at King Edward's initiative that he was made an Extraordinary Member of the Marlborough Club. He is dark; interesting of face; an unusually clever man in most ways, and is tremendous at Bridge. His love of music lends

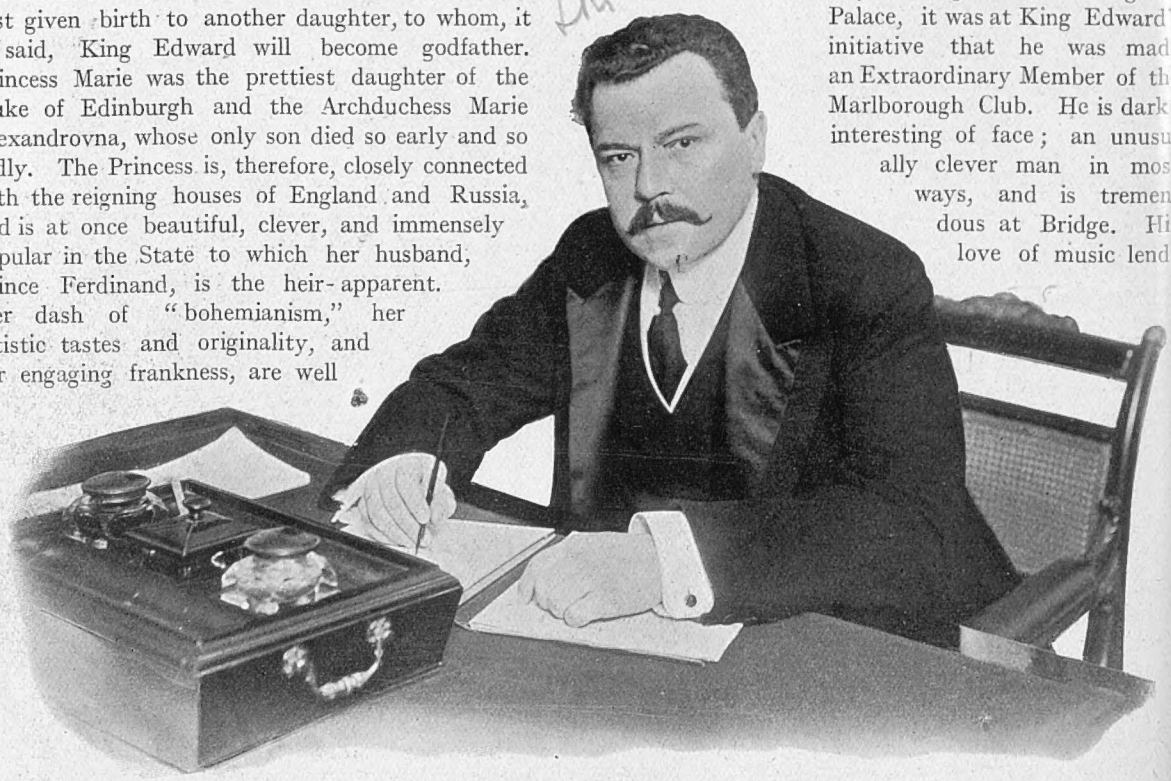


Photo **From London's Smiles to Teheran's Troubles: M. Poklewski-Koziell, Councillor of the Russian Embassy in London** [*Bolak*

Who after enjoying English Royal favour and the social delights of London, will find the remote Ministry at Teheran, to which he has just been appointed, somewhat unsuited to his cultivated tastes, which include music and Bridge

BY FRANK GILLETT

Topical Snapshots, Assorted

Removing a Thames Landmark
Divers at work last week on the demolition of the old Temple Pier

the friendship with which he is honoured by the Queen an interesting ground for conversation with her Majesty, whose musical tastes are well known. Like the Queen, he has been a regular attendant at the opera when the season is on. In Persia he will have his work cut out for him, for how, diplomatically speaking, is he to combine pleasing his new friend, the Shah, with keeping in with his old friends at the Court of St. James?

* * *

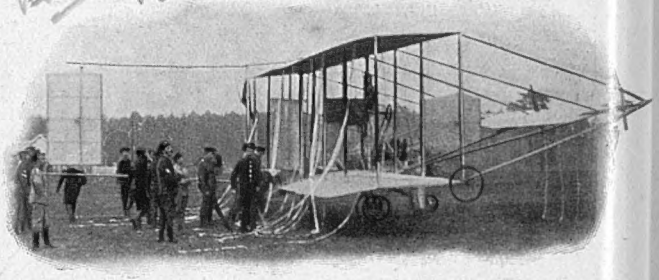
No Germans at Monte Carlo!

Economy is the dominant idea just now in Germany, and is said to actuate even the plans of the Kaiser himself, who is not arranging much travel for the New Year. An interesting sign of the German times is reported to me by my Monte Carlo correspondent. "This year (he writes) there are comparatively no Germans here. To be candid, there are none at all—which speaks volumes for the depression the 'Vaterland' has known for the past few months!" I am glad to print this, because it may encourage more Englishmen to venture South. An absence of Germans, anywhere, is always an aid to elegance, and one does so want to keep one's "Monte" *chic*.

* * *

An Aero-British Exhibition

Last Friday, with great deliberation, the Army Aerial Department took off its coat and announced that it was about to begin. In other words, Aeroplane No. 1 was carefully wheeled along the ground by Mr. Cody for six hundred yards, and then wheeled back again. The intention was, of course, not to fly, but to acclimatise the machine and to drill the crew. Some people in this country are a little restive at the excessive reticence of the War Office as to its aerial intentions. With the successes of Wright, Farman, Delagrange, and others before us, why, they ask, are we not doing something? Far be it from me to say anything good about the War Office, but it is just possible that it really does know what it is about. There is an old rule in the game of chess which used to be expressed by the late Herr Steinitz: "Do not gombine; led your enemy gombine; and then you will take advantage of his mistakes." By watching the experiments of others, the War Office is, no doubt, laying to heart much wisdom, and at very little cost.



The Army Aeroplane has a Run (Along the Ground) at Aldershot
Just to get acclimatised to the weather, not to attempt anything so risky as flight. On Saturday, however, it actually flew—twenty yards!

* * *

Sales, Woman, and Charity

Why, when lovely woman stoops to bargain once or twice a year in the West End, she should be scoffed at by her husband who is doing the same thing in a different way all the year round in the City, is one of the mysteries of which the world is so full just now. If one man may knock another down one per cent. in Lombard Street, why may one woman not knock down another woman to get there first at Magg and Stantle's? Let us be reasonable and logical if we cannot be charitable. Let us, if we are superior to life's silly odd farthings ourselves, be tolerant towards others in such matters for human nature's sake, remembering that a weakness is often a pleasure, a woman very often a woman, and a Sale always a Sale.

Photos *Topical Agency*

Not a Suffragette Riot: Only One of Last Week's Bargain Sales

It is stated that one of the bigger drapery establishments hired one of the wards of the Middlesex Hospital, just off Oxford Street, for the accommodation of the fallen in the fray

Fancy Dress at the Mansion House

TINY MASQUERADERS IN TAKING COSTUMES

Miss Joyce Ebblewhite, as L'Entente Cordiale

Miss and Master Jackson, as Two Little Dutch Peasants

Miss Birdie Pierce, as Punchinello

Master Lotinga, as a Courtier

Miss P. Curmick, as a Coryphée

Master P. Ritchie, as Robin Goodfellow

Master de Courcy Hamilton, as a Fireman

The Misses Evans, as Two Pierrettes

Master G. Murray, as one of the Princes in the Tower

Photos *Lafayette*

Many City functions are a little tiresome, and disadjusted to the period, but there is one reception at the Mansion House which delights the most critical and cynical observer. This, the Annual Children's Fancy Dress Ball, which took place last Friday, is always a pure delight, both to those who play a part therein and to those who look on

The Mystery Magnificent

Making Our Flesh Creep Too Much

While I publish opposite a few views of the earthquake havoc, I cannot help thinking that the daily Press has made a little more of this harrowing affair than is quite wholesome. That the papers should have been duly terrific for the first few days of a great disaster is understandable, but when day after day brought us page after page of morbid details, it was with some relief that we opened our papers to discover that the Balkan crisis had again become acute ("less acute," as the *Daily Mail* put it in its new and pacific vein).

* * *

The Charlesworth Sensation

It was real kindness, furthermore, on the part of Miss Charlesworth, assuming her still to be in the land of the living, to provide us with a little sensation about herself. The public news-palate is more easily tickled by the purely personal than by the gigantic and cataclysmic. It is pretty certain that the British public in their heart of hearts are more genuinely moved by the question of whether Miss Charlesworth is alive than at the fact that a quarter of a million unfortunate Sicilians are dead. The organ of teetotalism and nonconformity which had for its placard, "A Thousand Burials a Day," morbidly misunderstood its public, which likes its funerals individual, not collective. The ea thquake has, of course, brought into play many personalities. King Victor and his Queen have covered themselves with honour. The British fleet has again demonstrated its eternal "handiness," while many persons afflicted with the Sicilian passion have duly discovered methods of combining benevolence with publicity.

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

The Disappearing Lady: Miss Violet Charlesworth

Whose ante-mortem (?) adventures with stock-brokers, motor-cars, jewels, and country houses have been filling the halfpenny Press

* * *

The Duke of Bronte

If Mr. Robert Hichens and Mr. Douglas Sladen have not become quite so prominent as their admirers might have expected, the Hon. Alexander Nelson Hood (well known in London as the Secretary to the Princess of Wales, and a connoisseur about Town) has, in his Sicilian identity of Duke of Bronte, performed quite commendable feats of importunity. To mark my sense of the hon. Duke's prominence, I have placed him well in the midst of the pictures opposite.

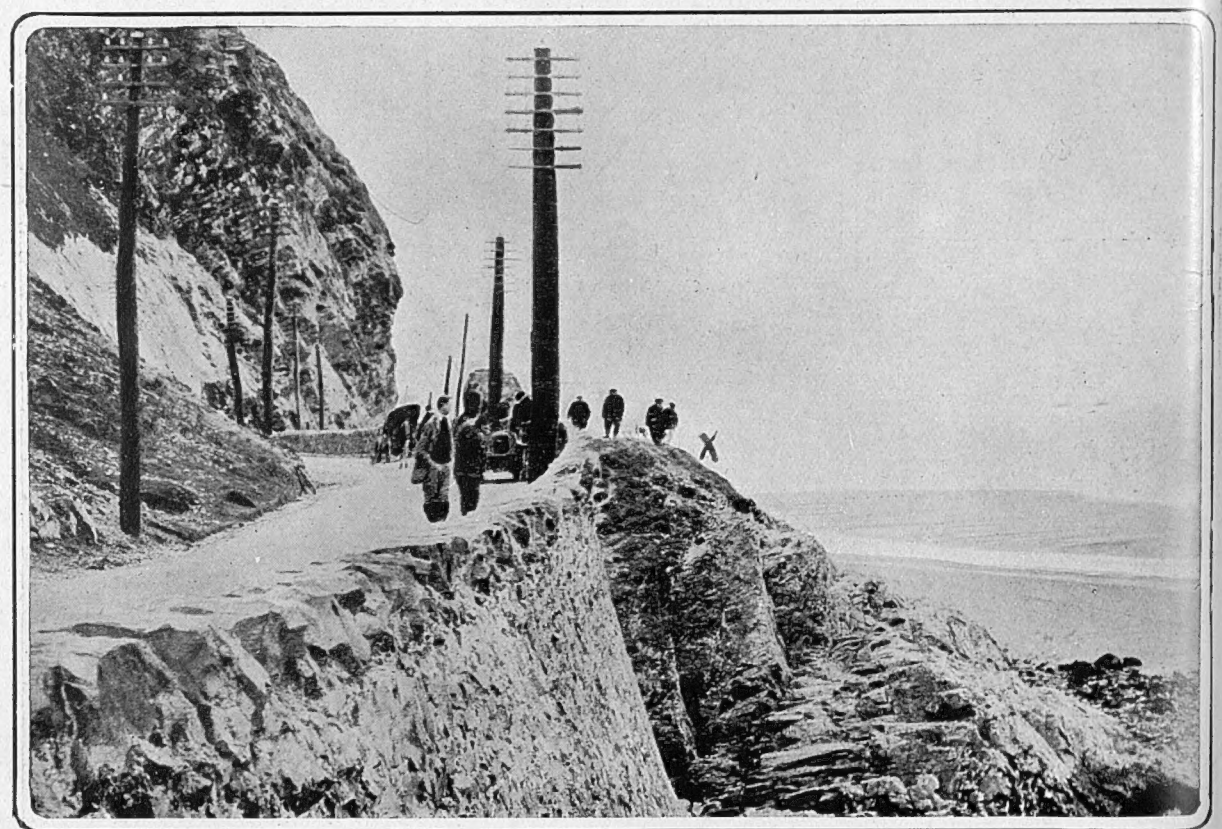


Photo *Topical Agency*

The Spot at Penmaenbach Point, North Wales, where Miss Charlesworth either Did or Did Not Meet with a Mysterious Death

It was originally given out by Miss Violet Charlesworth's sister Lillian and the chauffeur Watts that the former, as the result of a motor accident at Penmaenbach Point, near Llandudno, had been dashed through the glass wind-screen of her motor-car, and had fallen over the cliff into the sea. No body has, however, been discovered, and the disappearance appears at the time of writing to have a distinct financial aspect

Messina Misera

SCENES OF RUIN AND RESCUE IN THE STRICKEN CITY

The Quayside As It Is

Showing, by the position of the lopsided lamps in the water, how the sea has encroached on the city

British Friends in Need

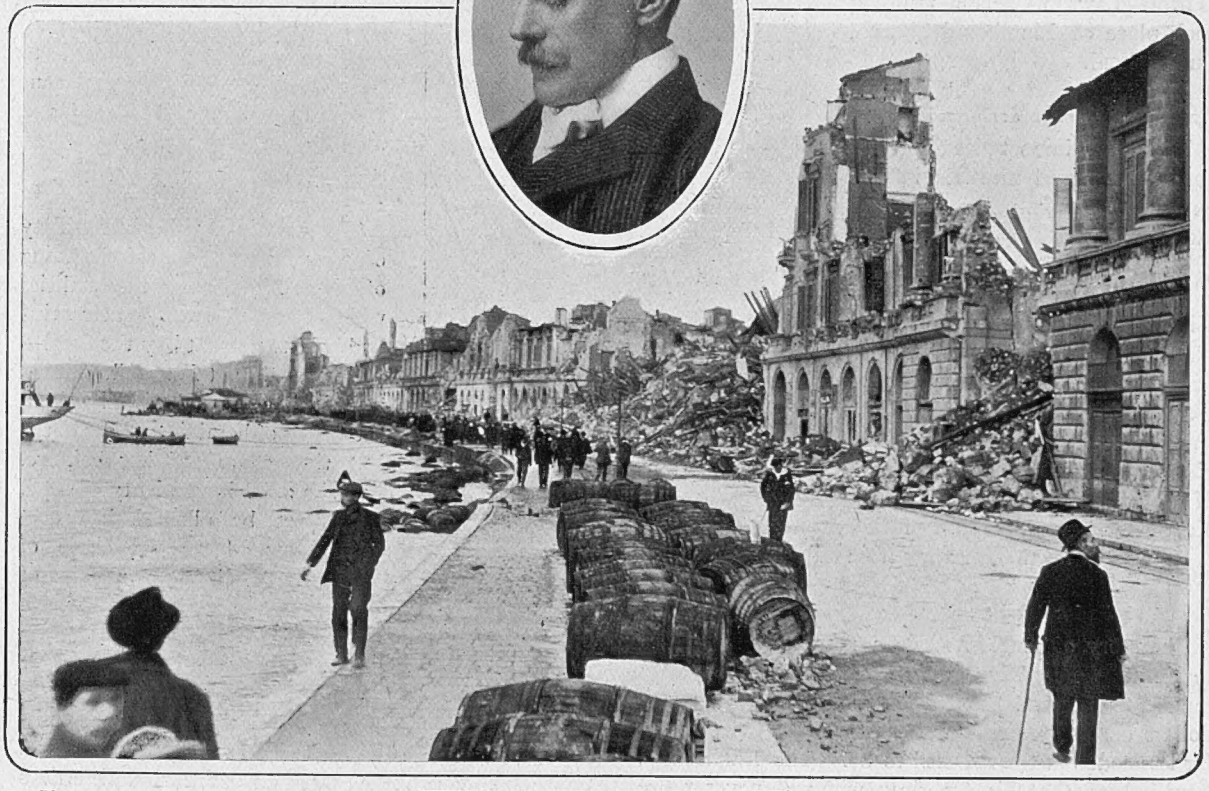
Bluejackets from H.M.S. *Minerva* carrying a little girl to hospital. How many of the survivors owe their lives to the heroism of the British and Russian tars it would be difficult to estimate

What was Once a Fine Street

A typical scene of the ruin in the city

The Hon. A. Nelson Hood

The Princess of Wales's Secretary, who is also the Duke of Bronte, was on his Sicilian estates at the time of the disaster, and is appealing for aid for the sufferers



Photos

A LONG LINE OF RUIN: ALL THAT IS LEFT OF MESSINA'S FAMOUS SEA-FRONT

Illustrations Bureau and Agnes Jennings

Probably no city has ever been so completely wrecked as was Messina on the early morning of December 28. On the other side of the medal, however, is the universal sympathy with the stricken people shown by all the nations of the world

The Anglo-American Marriage Market

Wedding Bells

The chime of wedding-bells is heard over the land. No fewer than nine important weddings are taking place this month, including that of Lady Violet Elliot, Lord Minto's charming daughter, and Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, at Calcutta. Lady Mabel Foljambe's engagement to Dr. Woodburn has quite a spice of romance. She met her future husband at the York County Hospital, where he is resident physician, and whither she had gone to cultivate her interest in nursing work. Another engagement is that of Miss Boyle and young Lord Macclesfield, who does not come of age till next May, although he succeeded to the Earldom thirteen years ago. Not yet engaged, by the way, is Lord Vernon, a scion of the house through which Sir William Harcourt traced his pedigree.

* * *

At Home

Among recent marriages at home are to be recorded the wedding of Miss Violet Portman, Lord Portman's handsome niece, and Mr. Frank Lindo, at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. An interesting Parliamentary wedding was that of Mr. F. W. Chance, M.P. for Carlisle, to Miss Josephine Lawson, daughter of the late "temperance Member," the redoubtable Sir Wilfrid Lawson. The wedding took place at Plumbland Church, Cumberland.

* * *

Anglo-American Marriages

Next in importance to the coming Viceregal nuptials in Calcutta are the two unions between members of the British aristocracy and America's dowered daughters. The wedding of Lord Granard and Miss Beatrice Ogden Mills takes place to-morrow at the residence of the bride's father in New York. New York, too, will probably be the venue of the wedding of the Hon. Ronald Lindsay, younger son of the Earl of Crawford, and Miss Martha Cameron, whose father is a well-known Senator from Pennsylvania.

* * *

A Better Understanding

The story of Anglo-American marriages is full of incident. Some have turned out ideal, others very much the reverse. But the frank barter between dollars on the one side and a title upon the other is far less common than it used to be. The Englishman now realises that his American wife will never retire into the background; the American girl that her husband, however much he may be in love with her, will never stoop to the position of a slavish adorer.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Lord Granard's American Bride

Miss Beatrice Ogden Mills, daughter of the New York millionaire, who marries the Earl of Granard, the Master of the Horse, at her father's New York residence to-morrow (Thursday)

The Brilliant Failure

The real reason of failure is, in most cases, pretty much the same. A young American Society girl, whose parents can barely distinguish between a baron and an archduke, becomes engaged to a nobleman whose vast estates lie in a tract of country which they cannot pick out on the map. She contracts what her friends and the newspapers describe as a "brilliant alliance," and her heart thrills with the sound of her new name and the sight of her armorial bearings. She awakens abroad from this dream of joy to find that her husband's estates consist of weary stretches of unproductive land which bring in no revenue; that the ancient "seat" is a tumble-down castle beyond hope of repair; that her husband's affairs are frightfully involved; that he has been living upon his wits, and exploiting his birth in any venture which brings in ready money.

* * *

Man First—Nobleman Afterwards

The unhappy girl is too proud to breathe a word which would acquaint her parents and friends with her hapless plight. She would rather suffer in silence than expose herself to the pity of those who buzzed round her in envious admiration upon the great day of her wedding. But now things are a little changed. American parents, although still attracted by an English title, have grown more solicitous for their daughters' happiness, and have learned to "size up" their prospective son-in-law as a man first and as a nobleman afterwards.

* * *

The American Wife

The American girl, given plenty of rope, makes the most charming of wives. She has all the qualities which make a *ménage* attractive and help to keep at bay the fiend—Dulness. She talks well, dresses well, looks well. She is alive from the points of her dainty shoes to the last tiny strand of her coiffure. But she *must* have plenty of rope. She must be allowed her own pursuits, her own interests, her own circle of friends—and, most important of all, her own point of view. If she runs up against a husband who is a taskmaster she turns from angel to devil.

* * *

Turkey's Much-at-Home Fleet

To an English officer again falls the task of reorganising the Turkish fleet. Unless, however, Rear-Admiral D. A. Gamble is backed by plenty of money, his efforts will not be of much avail. Half a century ago there was a Turkish fleet of some efficiency, thanks to the efforts of Sir Adolphus Slade, but the then Sultan had very crude notions about the functions of a Navy, and

Winter Brides, Actual and Prospective

1. Mrs. Frank Lindo

Daughter of the Hon. Edwin Portman and niece of Lord Portman, married to Mr. Frank Lindo on Jan. 2 at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street

2. Mrs. David Mackintosh

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fraser-Mackenzie, of Bunchren House, Inverness, whose marriage to Mr. David Evan Mackintosh, the second son of Lord Kyllachy, was arranged to take pl ce yesterday, Jan. 12

3. Mrs. Algernon Paget

The daughter of Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., married to Mr. Algernon Berkeley Paget on Tuesday week

4. Miss Lucy Round

Daughter of the Right Hon. James Round, of Birch Hall, Colchester, to marry Major Higginbotham on Jan. 23

Though most of Society is now enjoying itself in the sunny delights of the Riviera, the New Year has been, and will be, brightened by several pretty weddings. In nearly every case, however, the happy couples are deserting these inhospitable climes directly after the ceremony, and are flying to the shores of the Mediterranean for their honeymoons

Photos by H. Walter Barnett, W. and D. Downey, Lafayette, and Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street

Naval Topics of the Moment

insisted on keeping the fleet moored under the Palace windows. In the present reign, the fleet has been practically confined to the Bosphorus and Dardenelles.

* * *

A Turkish Naval Exploit

During the Greek War, the Admiral then in command flatly declined to take the fleet into the Mediterranean, and thus "give the Greeks a cheap victory," so it remained in the middle of the Straits. Once Constantinople was electrified at the sight of one or two of the ships actually manœuvring near the Golden Horn, but since then there has been little moving in the Turkish Navy. At one time the Turks were regarded as good seamen, but many years of rustication produced deplorable results. Admiral Gamble's salary is £3,000 for two years, and it is said he will devote his attention to the creation of a torpedo flotilla. By the way, there is reproduced on this page a striking photograph of a torpedo in the act of being fired.

* * *

Promotions Postponed

The half-yearly naval promotions announced on New Year's Day have advanced twelve officers to the captains' list and twenty-eight to the rank of commander. As usual under the selection system, some good officers have been passed over, and a few unexpected selections have been made. The Navy is accustomed to the imperfections of the system, and Service attention is gripped by a more vital problem. Of late years there has been an exceptionally steady flow of promotion in the executive branch, accompanied by abnormally short service in the rank of captain.

Photo *H. Walter Barnett*

Admiral the Hon. S. C. J. Colville

To command the First Cruiser Squadron, in succession to Rear-Admiral Charles H. Adair

* * *

More Captains?

The Admiralty have now swelled the captains' and commanders' lists to the full numbers authorised, and, as the number of lieutenants has risen to 1,700, the prospect that lies before the majority of the lieutenants and commanders is most disheartening and deplorable. It has been calculated that less than fifty per cent. of the commanders and lieutenants now serving can be promoted, and the Service hopes that some remedy against the threatened congestion may be devised. In view of the continued expansion of the fleet demanded by the two-Power standard, it may be considered feasible to add to the number of captains and commanders. If not there appears to be no remedy, unless indeed, unemployed Admirals can be retired under even more stringent rules than now obtain.

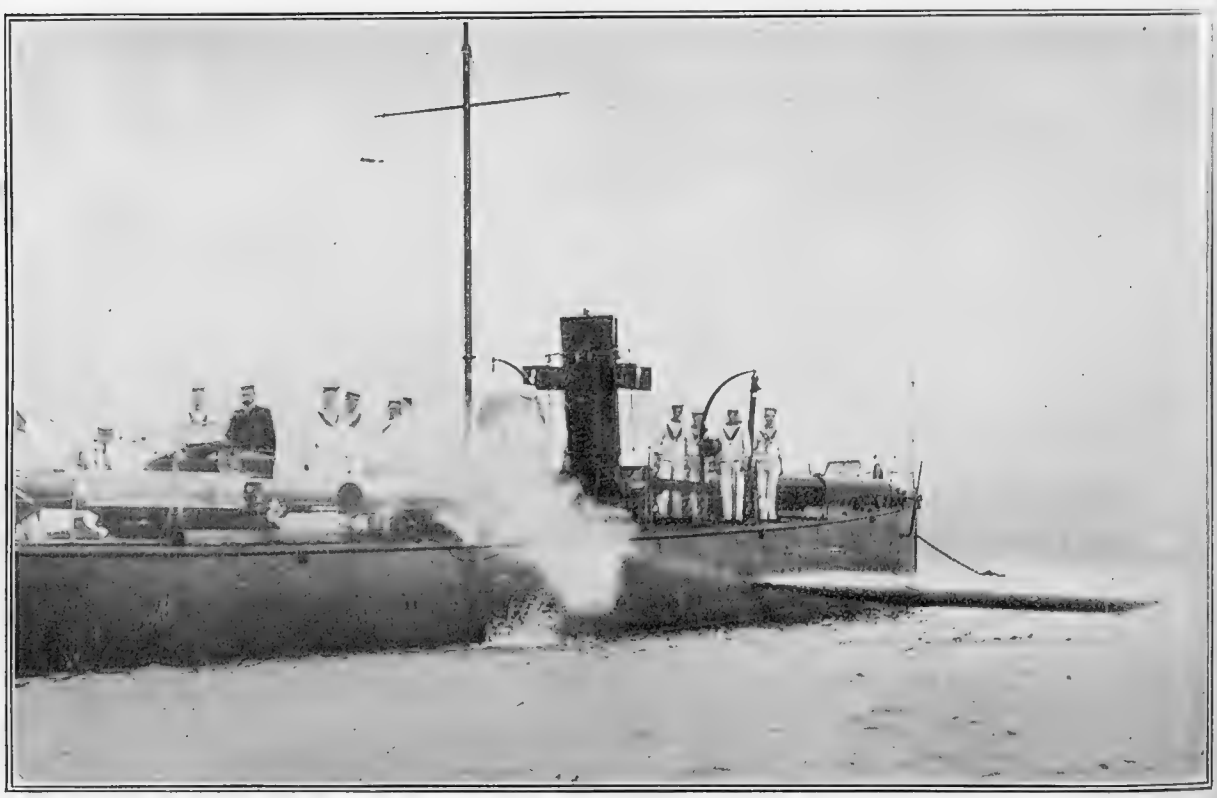


Photo. *Stephen Cribb*

Firing a Torpedo: A Striking Snapshot of the Torpedo leaving the Tube

There are two ways of firing a torpedo, by compressed air and with a small charge of gunpowder. The discharge shown in this photograph was by the former method

Random Jottings

The Dutch *Official Gazette* publishes a decree that the offspring of Queen Wilhelmina shall be called Orange-Nassau, Prince (or Princess) of Orange-Nassau, and Duke (or Duchess) of Mecklenburg. Has our lively little contemporary provided for the eventuality of tw—er—isn't this a good number?

* * *

"Tourist" (Berlin) writes: "Whereas German is practically neglected in our English public schools, I find every boy here speaking this difficult language fluently. Wake up, England!"

* * *

One of the old age pensioners drove up to the post-office in a cab to get his money. It's a stridently cheerful notion, this of the Liberal Government's. Old age cabfares ought to please everybody.

* * *

"Should a patient be operated on for rheumatoid arthritis?" asks a medical paper. Speaking as laymen, we should say, "Yes, most assuredly; whom else would the doctors experiment on—the hospital nurses or the porter?" There must be some sane limit to this tendency to reckless research!

* * *

An unpretending volume has just come out, "The Heavens at a Glance." Other modest little works in course of preparation are "A Ten-Minutes' Glimpse at the Last Eight Centuries," "Picture Postcard History of the World," and a "Pocket Chart of the Universe."

* * *

Captain Haines, who shot the publisher in the New York tragedy, declares that he did so because he had "wrecked his domestic happiness." What books the publisher had been bringing out we do not know, but we hope that this assertion of the "unwritten law" will be a warning to others in England.

* * *

Why doubt any longer the return of the dead? A theft is reported at Crewe by a "deceased clergyman's son."

* * *

Answer to Correspondent.—"Verax."—Your anecdote is amusing, but why claim it as a personal experience? See the *Punch* Relics now on exhibit (year 1853). (*a*) The extreme penalty for perjury is seven years' penal servitude.

* * *

"A Book to Keep, Not to Borrow," is a publisher's advertisement. A distinction, but not a difference.

* * *

"N. Quirer" is the signature to a letter in the *Times*. This levity marks a new era in journalism. There is nothing now to prevent the "Thunderer" starting an anagram competition, a chorus-girl voting contest, a beauty tour, or a tram-ticket scheme among its new literary features.

* * *

The modern craze for luxury is said to have crept even into Uganda. One can imagine G'Hussi (of the No-Go smart set) murmuring in an injured tone, "What atrociously cooked missionary! It's like a piece of elephant hide—no romance about it, no poetry! Where are the clergy we *used* to get?" And Nhambi-Phambi (of the 2nd Hoki-Poki Life Guards) replying with a yawn, "Ya-as; we had vol-au-vent of archdeacon at the Hoki-Pokis' annual dinner the other night. Well, that *was* archdeacon! None of your half-fed curates for *me!* I never saw a place so gone down as this swamp!"

On Primrose Hill—Somewhat Late

Mr. Schrewenweib (*to white object*): "Lot'sh wife, I presume? Ah . . . (*thinking of the reception which awaits him at home*) . . . lucky fla, Lot!"

By A. W. Jack.

* * *

Jottings from the Churches

(*Goaded on by the smallness of his salary—£12 a year—a French priest has successfully started a public-house.*)

The Bishop of Stokestithe, finding it impossible to keep out of debt, will make a book during the winter months at the principal steeplechases—an occupation which he followed professionally in his unregenerate days.

An incumbent of a Whitechapel parish—a man of broad and generous views—is supplementing the usual offerings for the poor by going out burgling in the evenings, with the expert assistance of members of his congregation. He maintains that no Bishop who countenances church bazaars can conscientiously object.

At the National Sporting Club, an interesting cock-fighting contest was organised last week by a

prominent archdeacon in aid of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

By playing bridge assiduously for a year with the local gentry, an earnest young Yorkshire curate has collected enough to present his church with a new lectern. Great interest was taken in the experiment by the young men of the congregation. The rev. gentleman proposes to supplement the usual winter contributions to the Frost-bitten and Starving Fund by poaching.

* * *

WHY NOT INSTRUCTIVE NURSERY RHYMES?

A Proposed Examination Paper

To the Editor of THE BYSTANDER

DEAR SIR,—I have often thought that the doggerel rhymes of our childhood's days might be made to serve a much more useful purpose than they do. For instance, instead of merely telling a story, might it not be possible to stimulate the child's thirst for knowledge by asking a series of simple questions, for answers to which marks could be awarded as in an ordinary grown-up examination? I append a few examples of the sort of thing I mean:

QUES. 1 (10 MARKS).—Mary, Mary, quite contrairy, how does your garden grow? If silver bells come up in March, what's the right time to sow?

QUES. 2 (5 MARKS).—Hey-diddle-diddle, the cat and the fiddle, the cow jumped over the moon. How long would it take to accomplish this feat if it started at 12 o'clock (noon)? [Answer to be in miles. Approx.]

QUES. 3 (5 MARKS).—Jack and Jill went up the hill, to fetch a pail of water. They were sister and brother; now if "B" was Jack's mother, of whom was Jill the daughter?

QUES. 4 (9 MARKS).—Little Jack Horner sat in a corner eating his Christmas Pie. If Jack had two thumbs, and with each took ten plums, how many plums *were* there, and why? [It is presumed for the purposes of this question that Jack took *all* the plums.]

QUES. 5 (7 MARKS).—Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket-ful of rye, four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie. If the pie was opened, and seven birds took wing, how many would there then be left to sing before the King? [The birds, it should be noted, were only *half*-baked, and were able to fly.]

QUES. 6 (5 MARKS).—Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow. If Mary's was a London lamb, what colour would it go? [Confined to candidates living in the Metropolitan area.]

QUES. 7 (10 MARKS).—Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet eating her curds and whey. (1) Parse the word "tuffet." (2) State briefly what "curds" are, and how you would make them to-day.

I have compiled some two dozen more questions, and shall be happy to forward them to you on the shortest notice should you approve of the scheme.

Faithfully yours,
SCHOLASTICUS.

[*Our correspondent had better not.*—EDITOR.]

"The Spirit of the Game of the Hour"

BY P. WALKER

A PROTEST

(A morning paper states that cooking a dinner in the drawing-room is the latest Society craze.)

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
I know you mean extremely well,
And that you have a wish sincere
My store of happiness to swell.
But please remember, when you ask
Me to your parties, that a man
Regards as an uneasy task
The wielding of a frying-pan.

One must assume your drawing-room
Is subject to your own sweet will;
But I protest with growing gloom
A chop I know not how to grill.
For your sweet sake I'd gladly make
An omelette if I knew but how;
I never learnt to boil or bake,
And 'tis too late to study now.

Do not, I beg, with white of egg,
Besmirch your marble mantelpiece;
Your sofas are too fine by far
To splash with little spots of grease.
It seems a sin as rolling-pin
To use that priceless Dresden group;
That jewelled dagger seems not in
Its place when stirring oyster-soup.

The odours, too, that circle through
Your rooms I cannot quite admire;
There's one of them suggests that you
Have let some oily stuff catch fire.
This sort of thing is apt to bring
Discomfort to the cultured guest;
'Twould not the least amuse the East—
How much more harassing out West!

But worst of all that can befall
Us is that of our own accords
We are supposed to eat up all
Your fell concoctions afterwards.
Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
If this new fad's not soon assuaged,
The next time you invite me here
You'll find I'm otherwise engaged. M. T. P.

The Condition of Our Skyways

SCENE: ABOVE LONDON, ANY TIME SOON

Nervous Fare *(to Aero-taxi-cabby)*: "I think you'd better drop me—I mean, descend—now. The shaking of the machinery is simply frightful"

Cabby: "T'aint the machinery, sir. It's them bloomin' spires and weathercocks. Ought to be cleared away, I say"

BY CHARLES CROMBIE

THE PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

Mr. Stanley Cooke

Whose impersonation of the name part in that immortal farce, *Charley's Aunt*, is drawing crowds to the Aldwych

A Reply to Mr. Maugham

One of the outstanding features of last year's theatrical season was the "arrival" of Mr. Somerset Maugham as a dramatist. Peculiar interest, therefore, attaches to his views upon the perennial question of "The Play and its Functions." Taking into consideration Mr. Maugham's début with *A Man of Honour*, produced by the Stage Society, one or two critics have congratulated him upon the healthy and common-sense point of view which he has acquired. Says Mr. Maugham: "With those who maunder about plays dominated by a great central idea I have no sympathy." And he goes on to remark that the theatre is not the place for plays of a morbid tendency. Now, *A Man of Honour* was both morbid in tone and dominated by a great central idea, so one can only conclude that Mr. Maugham has been led to see the error of his old view points. I strongly suspect that Success has been at its old game of making everything appear *couleur de rose*. Between the weary aspirant, worn out by years of "knocking at the door of managers' offices," as Mr. Sutro phrased it, and the full-blown dramatist making a fine choice of fat contracts, there is often wide divergence of view. But it is a little sad to see a man knocking down his old idols. To vary the metaphor, one yearns for a more sympathetic note when the successful man describes his evolution from the chrysalis into the butterfly.

Cold Comfort

There are thousands of earnest young men, bitten with the gadfly of playwriting, to whom Mr. Maugham's words would bring no solace. "A play is quite an ephemeral thing," continues the relentless Mr Maugham, "and writers should be content to let it be so, and not be for ever vapouring about masterpieces." This may be true in a degree, but even this partial truth might be more agreeably stated. It reads like an *apologia* for *Lady Frederick*, *Jack Straw*, and *Mrs. Dot*, to which the adjective "ephemeral" is about the most suitable which could be applied. They have been prodigious "money-makers," but no one imagines that they have left any impress upon theatrical history.

Photo *Shadwell Clarke*

Miss Amy Brandon Thomas

Daughter of Mr. Brandon Thomas, who is playing Kitty Verdun in *Charley's Aunt* at the Aldwych Theatre. Her father is still in the cast

A Partial Truth

I have called Mr. Maugham's statement a partial truth because it applies principally to plays which have been successes from the Box Office point of view—to plays which are avowedly "light" as opposed to serious contributions to dramatic literature. Hundreds of plays are quite other than ephemeral things. *The School for Scandal* was merely an amusing comedy of manners, yet it draws audiences, and makes them laugh as much to-day as, probably more than, it did in Sheridan's time. So it is a little discouraging to be told by Mr. Maugham, in effect if not in actual words, that the man who dreams of writing a masterpiece is pursuing a will o' the wisp. If this view became general the Drama would soon sink into a very lowly position among the Arts.

Lowering the Ideal

One can cherish high ideals without either maundering or vapouring. The moral to be learned from all human endeavour is that it is better to aim high than low. Mr. Maugham, judged from the tone of his remarks, seeks to lower the standard of playwriting. I quite agree with him that the Drama, like the other Arts, has a great attraction for the crank and the vapourer; that a great deal of high-falutin' nonsense is talked about the functions of the stage. But Mr. Maugham is too iconoclastic. He has demolished not alone false idols, but real divinities. His remarks have

(*Continued on page 70*)

The Holiday Season in Theatreland.

"Red Riding Hood" at the Lyceum: Dame Trott makes her Appearance in Scene I. amid Roars of Laughter

Photos *Illustration Bureau*

"LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY" AT THE COURT

Mr. Hobbs (*Mr. William Lockhart*) tells Cedric (*Master Lenton Murray*) that Earls are a bad lot

Cedric, Little Lord Fauntleroy, asks the groom, Wilkins (*Mr. Norman Clifton*), if he can read writing

Photo *Bolak*

"The Babes in the Wood" at the Shakespeare, Clapham

The *finale* to Part I. of Mr. Dudley Bennett's excellent pantomime. The Babes are seen in the distant background, in the "Fairy Bower of Roses"

Such a number of juvenile pieces has been presented to the London public this Christmas that it might be thought there are insufficient children to fill so many theatres. But box office receipts show that all such plays are doing enormous business

Four Clever Child Actresses

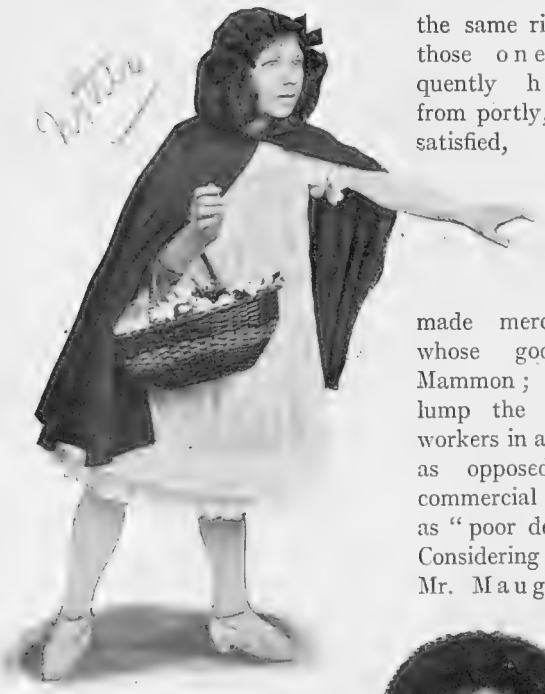


Photo Illustrations Bureau
Miss Marjorie Carpenter
The real child heroine of *Red Riding Hood* at the Lyceum

Photo Illustrations Bureau
Miss Elsie Craven
The Fairy Queen in *Pin ie and the Fairies* at His Majesty's, her clever playing of which has brought her immediate recognition

Little Maudie Francis
Whose clever dancing and singing are such a feature of the Marlborough Pantomime

Photo] **Miss Delevanti** *[Bolak*
Red Riding Hood at the Kennington Theatre

the same ring as those one frequently hears from portly, self-satisfied, self-made merchants whose god is Mammon; who lump the many workers in artistic as opposed to commercial fields as "poor devils." Considering that Mr. Maugham owes his very first hearing to a Society of which the very *raison d'être* is to uphold the banner of Art, he need not have shouted so loud under his new banner of Commerce. The tone of his remarks is calculated to place writing for the stage upon the plane of writing "puffs" of quack medicines.

GARRICK THEATRE

"The Adventures of Lady Ursula"

Many a play taken down from the shelf after a lapse of ten years has a dusty appearance and a musty flavour. Not so Mr. Anthony Hope's charming, if unpretentious, treatment of an eighteenth-century episode. It must have been laid away in lavender.

Mr. Hope has ever been a master of dialogue, and no better example of the graces of his style could be afforded than this play. It is sheer pleasure to listen to the characters talk. This is the genuine article, and no spurious ware tricked out with clipped oaths. It is the kind of play which sets one hunting for a theatre attendant in order to buy a copy to take home and read. It is that *rara avis* which so exercises the mind of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones—a literary play. You know the kind of dialogue which joins up the dramatic situations of the ordinary "costume play." It has often been your misfortune to listen to the gallants rapping out their crude, bombastic, high-flown, meaningless speeches. In *Lady Ursula* there is real wit displayed by the characters. The scene in Lord Hassenden's lodging, where his brother officers are gathered, is bright, animated, real. We are not in a hurry for something to happen. Indeed, one enjoys the play of repartee even more than the serious business of the scene—the preparations for the duel across the table with one pistol loaded.

Miss Evelyn Millard returns to the part with all her old charm. She exhibits the true madcap spirit, and though she delineates the serious side so much more cleverly than the light side of comedy, her performance, taken all round, could hardly be bettered. Mr. Herbert Waring was as much in the period as the play itself, and that is saying a great deal. The "grand manner" does not always follow the donning of the costume, as many an inexperienced young actor has found to his chagrin. E. C. S.

ALDWYCH THEATRE

The Farce that Never Stales

As I sat and watched *Charley's Aunt* at the Aldwych the other Saturday afternoon, I was more than convinced that the good dame is immortal, and that she is destined to charm and amuse endless generations to come. She might have been in the hey-day of her youth, judging from the reception accorded her by the house which was crowded from floor to roof. The noise of our laughter must have reached the Strand. We publish a photograph of Mr. Stanley Cooke as the delightful old lady, and also one of Miss Amy Brandon Thomas, daughter of Mr. Brandon Thomas, who is charming as Kitty Verdun. Both pictures will be found on page 68.

The Popular Craze of the Hour

Regardless of such chances as there may be of the "real thing," roller skating is this winter the craze of the season. Olympia is gay every night with a crowd of well-dressed people enjoying the sport, and the above are some characteristic attitudes noticed by our artist, Mr. Norman Morrow

IN THE NEAR EAST

A LETTER FROM CONSTANTINOPLE *(By Our Special Correspondent)*

"The Bystander" Correspondent's Own Little Revolution

I was the first woman after the opening of the new Parliament to attend a sitting. This permission to enter the diplomatic gallery and witness a male function from which Turkish ladies were excluded caused such indignation among the Moslem women that the new President (Ahmed Riza) has only been able to purchase peace from demonstration—and thus avoid the quaint sight of stormy scenes outside the new Parliament by pushful ladies in *tchachaffs!*—by promising them a latticed gallery. From this harem-like seclusion the outraged ladies will be able to look on at the heroic feats of oratory which we are promised before long.

Just Like M.P.'s

Political parties are being formed rapidly. The "Arab *bloc*" is already spoken of. The "Macedonian phalanx" is ready for the fray. The Young Turkish reserves are being drilled night and day to turn the fruits of victory in their own direction. Meanwhile, the new M.P.'s all look as to the Parliamentary manner born. Kurd and Armenian, Arab and Greek, Albanian and Jew—all Young Turks in name, and as different from each other in mind and method as they are in colour—protest and applaud, and question and interrupt, and ironically groan and patriotically cheer, just as if they had been debating all their lives in the British House of Commons.

Fez versus Turban

Surprises are expected, especially from the Arab side. Everybody is agreed that the unexpected will come from them. The men who have been sent from the headquarters of old Islam are learned dialecticians, who may be counted upon to prove more than a match in argument for the men who have been watching events in their own country from afar, with their eyes riveted on Constantinople, and their minds in ignorance of the greater Turkey which lies away in distant Araby and Mesopotamia. Though disaffected by misrule, these have no craving for the importation into their midst of European heresies. There is already talk of a split between the Fezzes and the Turbans. The Turbans will, no doubt, be the Conservative *bloc*, and will keep the wheels of progress from turning too fast.

The Sultan's Erstwhile Prisoners

The Committee of Union and Progress has, indeed, done fine work for the Constitution in proving to the Sultan — who at first was in deadly fear of becoming another Charles I.—that his life is safe. One of the first results has been not only a happier mood for his Majesty himself, but for the rest of the Imperial family. For fear of conspiracy among his own kin, the Sultan kept watch over his possible successors as if they were a public danger. The immediate heir to the throne, Rechad Effendi, was kept so close a prisoner in his palace on the Bosphorus that people were uncertain whether he was still in the land of the living or not, and the second heir was guarded with almost equal rigour. They were never seen in public at all.

Royalty Visits Constantinople

Under the new *régime*, however, the "bodyguards" of these Princes have been applied to other purposes, and they are now allowed to go about almost like ordinary mortals. The second heir is taking advantage of his new freedom by visiting the sights of Constantinople, accompanied by his son. The other day he went, just like an ordinary Western Prince, to see the beautiful sarcophagus of Alexander at the museum alongside the old Serail. It was unearthed at Sidon some years ago by Hamdi Bey, the present director of the museum, and is certainly the most beautiful that has yet been discovered. The Prince, who will, no doubt, become quite an up-to-date Royalty, spent two hours in the museum, and has sent an artist to sketch the sarcophagus for him. Visitors to Constantinople know it well, but there are many who, like the Prince, have not hitherto been able to see this work of art, which is classed with the Venus of Milo and the Apollo Belvedere among the masterpieces of antiquity.

Turkish Vicars of Bray

Fortunately for the Young Turkish party, they are not entirely dependent on their own forces for government. The "Vicar of Bray" spirit is by no means unknown in Turkey, and many of the ablest men in the country changed horses without a moment's hesitation as soon as they saw that the Sultan had to yield. A number of them are members of the present Ministry, and if the Young Turks were deserted by the Army, and the old *régime* were restored, they would no doubt go back just as readily to their old master! To them political employment is as their daily bread, and they let no political attachments stand in the way of their passion for office. But they are still the only experienced and capable administrators, and the Young Turkish party are quite right to shut their eyes to their apostate tendencies. However, their last apostasy has probably been committed, and they are not likely to try to bring about a return to the old state of things under which insecurity of tenure applied even more to the highest public offices than to those of lower degree.

"Orpheus": A Romantic Picture of a Classic Theme by Mr. J. M. Swan, R.A.
Exhibiting the artist's skill not only in painting animals, for which he is chiefly famous, but as a delicate painter of the nude
From the "Art Journal," by permission of Messrs. Virtue and Co.

ART: THE R.A.'S NEW DEPARTURE. By Egan Mew

Old v. New

For years the critical philippics which have been poured upon the summer exhibition at Burlington House have been obliterated by the public pæans of congratulation sung during the winter season of Old Masters. For years this bold contrast between the surviving masterpieces of ages of cosmopolitan art and the productions of British painters of the day has been forced upon us. We are very dull and stupid, slow to appreciate, and mild in censure, but at last we learned that the contemporary British artists, when judged by the usual standard, were weak and uninspired, painting feeble anecdotes for reproduction; potboilers and pursuers of the things that were least excellent. It is the Academy's business to teach, and by means of its summer and winter shows it at last demonstrated to the world a fact which was well enough known to those who really cared for art. The moral of the lesson was—reject the new, admire the old, buy the masters that are past, not the unintelligent essayists of to-day.

An Awakening

For, say, the last twenty or thirty years of the nineteenth century, those artists within the sacred ring of the Academy felt no bad results from their excellent teaching. But of late, one by one, they have known the pinch of awakening public taste. Many small men fell by the wayside, and the princes of painting grew idle. At Christie's the men so recently admired received a heavy blow or two. Then the Academicians themselves complained of the work of their own hands, for the "market" failed them.

The McCulloch Collection

How to restore the public confidence in the modern painter was the new problem for the R.A. Apropos came Mrs. McCulloch with the pictures which her husband had bought during some thirty years. The idea of the collector was, I think, to buy the fine flower of the R.A. summer exhibition each year for many years, and thus possess the best work of the best English modern masters of art. He bought and bought with simple faith, and the fact that he "knew what he liked" sustained him, and the result is a collection of some 400 modern works of art, of which I venture to think some twelve may survive. No doubt the Academy had to take the collection just as it was, all in all or not at all. Otherwise it might have helped them in their great work of popularising themselves to have shown only a very few of this enormous horde.

The Hand of Time

Anyone who can recall the last twenty Academy exhibitions will find many familiar pictures on the walls, and it will interest such an one to note how harsh and unsparing is the hand of time. Can you remember when Leighton's "Daphnephoria" (89in. by 204in.) was praised? Well, go and look at it now. Can you recall the time when people thought Macbeth's models with red hair were at once real and picturesque? Then glance at "The Miller's Daughter" of 1889. The artificiality of the figure, the pose, and the surroundings hint that she is the original of that lady of a much later musical comedy, who was faster and deeper than the mill stream. There are four Millais,

of which "Lingering Autumn" is, perhaps, the most likely to remain popular. "In Perfect Bliss" is one of his worst pictures. The two others are of the famed "Sir Isumbras," one a water-colour replica. This picture is not great. Admirably caricatured by Sandys, it is already something of a travesty on the pre-Raphaelite affectations which Millais was soon to throw from him.

A Name for Posterity

In fact, I am tempted to ask which of these 400 works of art will, one hundred years hence, remain to delight the world? No painter in this large collection bears the awful test of twenty years so well as Sir William Quilter Orchardson. Among our own men, it is he I beg modestly to offer to posterity. Perhaps his "Young Duke" may be considered a little literary, but the same may be said of many a masterpiece without offence. But better than this, almost better than anything else in the collection, is the composition of a lady in a black dress, with a fan, leaning over a child who lies on a sofa beside her. The only thing about it that one does not like is the title, "Master Baby," which is too small for a masterpiece. Posterity may take some interest in the skilful affectations of Burne-Jones, of which there are splendid examples here. "The Mirror" of Mr. Orpen may find future admirers. Perhaps the little "Valparaiso Harbour at Night" of Whistler will go on making converts to his convention.

A Few Survivors

One was very grateful to Bastien-Lepage in the 'eighties, but to-day his rural figures do not appear to belong to their background, and I am afraid a century's wear may not improve him. "Salmon Fishing," by Mr. Sargent, should live if I had my way, and I hope a few people who love and know the sea will like to pay good prices for the Edwin Ellis. There are other names, especially among the foreign painters, of whom Mr. McCulloch had some good examples. Thus you will gather that the academic effort to recreate a market for modern painters is not likely to be greatly helped by the present exhibition. Even at this late hour something may be done. Why not try the effect of showing really good paintings by modern men? But that, I fancy, is an idea not very welcome to Burlington House.

Not Very "Private Views"

It has been supposed that the modern masters at Burlington House and the Pageant of *Punch* at the Leicester Galleries attracted no end of Society people to their "private views" the other day, but really, of course, the people come to see one another. The Royal Academy was greatly liked, because there was room for the ladies to show their charming winter dresses and furs, and you could be sure of talking to the friends you wanted to meet, and of escaping the friends you did not want to meet you. At the Leicester Galleries you were apt to be bumped up against some artist or person of that sort and almost hidden. The wife of a well-known *flaneur*, who was simply dripping with sables, might just as well have had on a mink collarette for all one could see of her after she passed into the Gallery. The Duchess of St. Albans was seen in both exhibitions, and Princess Alexis Dolgorouki looked thrice beautiful in ermine. Lady Charles Beresford was one of the many charmingly dressed people who put the nineteenth-century pictures on the walls to shame. The widow of the Australian gentleman who collected all these funny pictures, Mrs. McCulloch, and her son and daughter-in-law, received many friends, and, I fancy, some congratulations, on having found a harbour of refuge for such a mass of canvas.

"Salmon Fishing," a picture in which Mr. Sargent, R.A., reveals a somewhat unfamiliar aspect of his work

Nowadays, it is chiefly known to us by his admirable portraits of notable people annually exhibited at the Royal Academy

From the "Art Journal," by permission of Messrs. Virtue and Co.

THE FLIGHT TO WARMER (AND COLDER) CLIMES

Warmer: Monte Carlo, The Sea-front

Colder: Davos, the Capital of Swiss Winter Sport

SOCIETY AND SPORT ON THE RIVIERA AND ALPS

(*From "The Bystander" Special Correspondents*)

There has been the usual rush to bask in the sunshine here on the Riviera for the New Year's festivities, but the word "sunshine" has not been applicable to the inclement elements which commenced by ushering in a wet Christmas. Riviera hospitality is, however, of the unextinguishable order, and lunches, dinners, and even picnics are done, "wet or shine."

At Cannes and Nice

At Cannes, the customary contingent of the aristocratic are taking their pleasures calmly in villas. Here the late Lord Glenesk is much missed, while the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby, who are so popular at Cannes, are expected quite soon. At the Golf Club matters are rather slack, but the presence of Mr. Lloyd George, who is staying close by, at Cap d'Antibes, gives a little piquancy to the political contingent holiday-making here in the Sunny South. The Chancellor, who accomplished the feat of doing one of the holes in one stroke, and is an experienced if not a brilliant golfer, was, I hear, somewhat pained to read the heading in a London paper: *"Mr. Lloyd George tries his hand at golf"!*

Days at Monte Carlo

As for Nice, the whirl has barely commenced, and although a few English may be seen on the Promenade des Anglais, there is nothing "humming" (except a few Americans), and the tradespeople are patiently awaiting the advent of King Carnival. Monte Carlo, of course, holds its own, for not only are numbers of smart people staying in the Principality, but others who stop at Cannes or Nice pass most of their days there. Lord Waleran, with the alert manner of the political "whip" still upon him, is still a faithful *habitué*. Lord and Lady Jersey, Sir Lewis and Lady McIver, and Lord Westbury are prominent diners to be seen at Ciro's new restaurant, which was opened at the New Year. Mr. and Mrs. Davidson Dalziel are entertaining much, having a large circle of friends down here. Among other notabilities to be noticed are the Duke of Leeds, the Prince and Princess Saxe-Meiningen, the Prince and Princess Batthyany-Strattmann, Prince Orloff, and Lady de Bathe, who may be said to be setting the

Photo *H. W. Nicholls*

The Terrace at Monte Carlo: An Entirely New View

"Monte" is now quite full, and the usual people are mostly to be seen on the Terrace by day and at the tables by night. Among those to be specially mentioned are the Duke of Leeds, Lords Waleran, Jersey, and Westbury, several foreign princes and princesses, and Lady de Bathe

The Progress of Riviera Sport

fashion of the season. Mr. James Gordon-Bennett is, of course, at "Monte," having voyaged hither in his yacht *Lysistrata.*

Earthquake Precautions

Much excitement was, of course, caused here by the terrible earthquakes in Sicily and Southern Italy, and many *habitués* of the Riviera are coming to stay at Monte Carlo for a very curious reason. Having passed through the strange terrors of the earthquake which visited the Riviera some years ago (stretching as far as Diane Marino, where at the time nearly a thousand people were killed), the impression gained ground that, as Monte Carlo is built upon a rock, earthquakes could have no dire effect on the houses upon it. Souvenirs are being indulged in of that dread Ash Wednesday when, after a wild Carnival, nights were passed in very *negligé* costumes on the Place du Casino, on garden seats, or in hotel omnibuses chartered at 500 francs apiece for the occasion. Very nervous visitors are even now preparing for any possible spread of the earthquake area to Monte Carlo by placing heavy wraps containing cheque books, etc., in close proximity to their beds, to be ready for any emergency.

The Development of Sport

Municipal enterprise and the demand for something less monotonous than gambling and the *dolce far niente* have gradually changed the complexion of the Riviera. It is still the sun-dowered lounge of fashionable Europe, the luxury-equipped half-way house between autumn and spring, but it now offers something more besides. The wave of athleticism which swept over Europe in the last decade has reached the Southern fringe of France; even the lethargic Niçois now play lawn tennis. The Riviera, in fact, has developed remarkable energy as a caterer for outdoor sports. With a climate so consistent, water so placid and so accessible, patrons of pastimes so affluent and so generous—and incidentally so idle—is it surprising that sporting contests by sea and by land should flourish on the Littoral?

Eternally Attractive

Whatever reproaches may be heaped on that all-powerful and omniscient corporation, the Administration at Monte Carlo, the Directors of the Casino have certainly done more to develop sport in the Principality than all the town councils at South of England resorts. Doubtless their vision has been centred on the main chance—the expansion of their own dividends—but the fruit of their enterprise is none the less attractive to the English visitor. Every season the authorities who administer the affairs of the Principality provide some new attraction. Last year it was luxurious baths. This year it is to be the international aeroplane race from Monte Carlo to Cap Martin and back for prizes to the value of 100,000 francs.

Mr. Lloyd George Golfing on the Riviera

Where (on the course at Nice) he lately did one of the holes in one stroke. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is a rapidly improving golfer, and is spending a good deal of time this recess at the game

Pigeon Slaughter

There is one branch of sport exhibited at Monte Carlo that one would like to see abolished, or, at any rate, screened from the eyes of the humanitarian. This is pigeon-shooting, conducted in the full flare of the noon-day sun before the promenaders on the Casino terrace. Regular visitors may become callous to the firing which denotes the systematic slaughter of domestic blue-rocks—brought from London, by the way—but the newcomer is more sensitive, and his mind revolts at a spectacle that is so obviously a slaughter and not a sport. Moreover, the class of men who go down to the traps has markedly deteriorated in recent years. The antecedents of some of the combatants would not bear close investigation. Needless to say, all the matches are for money. The Italian gamekeeper sent to Monte Carlo by a syndicate is not unknown. As a side-show, the *tir de pigeon* may have its useful side; but it can never be a theatre for pure sport.

Golf and Society

But the famous promontory is only a segment of the Riviera. It has its limitations. Search with gold in their hands as they may, the Government could not find a suitable site for a golf course. And golf is very much alive in the Sunny South. Many of its votaries journey thither for the game alone—with, perhaps, a little mild gambling thrown in—a flying motor trip to Monte. The links at Nice, at La Napoule, near Cannes, and at Hyères (a photograph of the club-house of which appears opposite) have many charming features, and only

Society's Fancy in Golf Links

Photos *H. W. Nicholls*

A POPULAR GOLFING RESORT ON THE RIVIERA

The Club and Pavilion at Hyères, a Very Popular Rendezvous for Golfers

The Last Hole on the Links at Hyères

a few drawbacks. Both take a "lot of knowing." The ground is dry and hard; it is difficult to get under the ball through the green; the fierce glare is somewhat disconcerting, and the greens are not English greens. Turf is a shy and somewhat morbid product in the Riviera. Socially, golf is in clover. Headed by the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, who is the guiding spirit of the Cannes Club, and a daily player, fashion now flocks to the links. It was at Cannes that Arnaud Massy gave a rehearsal of that wonderful form which was to win him the British Championship at Hoylake a month or two later. How the big folk following Massy and the other professionals round stared as they saw the Frenchman lay down a smoking cigar in the tee-box and then outdrive all his British *confrères!*

Lawn Tennis Still Going Strong

Long before golf came in, lawn tennis held undisputed sway as *the* outdoor pastime. It might be supposed that the incursion of a powerful rival would check its career. But this has not happened. A few of its old patrons, like the Grand Duke Michael, may have left the courts for the golf course, but the game is just as popular in the South as it ever was. The Frenchman's enthusiasm for it (illustrated by his amiable energy in balloting for courts at the early hour of eight in the morning), the influx of players from all parts of the Continent, as well as from England and even America, its superiority as a stationary spectacle over golf, the interest which the international tournaments excite, the excellence of the courts—these factors make lawn tennis a staple attraction in these sunny regions. And I have said nothing of many other sporting interests—of yacht-racing at Cannes, of croquet at Mentone, of figure-skating at Nice, of ski-ing on the snow heights of Thorenc (the new Alpine resort within easy journey of Grasse), of polo, of carnivals. Yes, the Riviera more than vies with Switzerland as the playground of Europe.

Fashion's Retreat from Winter: The Non

The season of pleasure at Monte Carlo will soon be at its giddiest height, and the gardens at their loveliest and greenest. The visitors, too, are as variegated as the flowers, and a more cosmopolitan crowd of people is not met with at any other resort. Nor has any other place a more diverse programme of attractions ich tables, theatrical performances, music, g wr which latter is conducted in full view of the en

France

day Scene on the Terrace at Monte Carlo

include, in addition to the attraction of the tennis, motor-boating, and pigeon shooting, aders on the Casino Terrace. The recent great development of sport on the Riviera, indeed, is rapidly changing its complexion, and the Monte Carlo authorities are ever alive to the interests of visitors in this direction, a fact to be manifested this month by the aeroplane race over Monaco Bay to Cap Martin and back for prizes of 700,000 francs

Where Ice and Snow are Real

Skating: The Male Champion

W. Saltchow, champion figure-skater of Europe, on the Davos Rink

Sports of Winter

The experienced winter sportsman shrugs his shoulders when the climate of our country makes, as it does sometimes, a feint of freezing. Callously he ignores its efforts, and books a ticket for St. Moritz or Montana, where ice and snow are real. You have to be 5,000ft. above sea level, and 600 miles from the soft air of the Channel, to be able to say, "I shall skate to-morrow" with absolute certainty of keeping your vow. The more often Britons are tantalised by British winter weather the better it is for the prosperity of the Swiss resorts. The latter are having a record season already, and innumerable sporting events have been fixed — really fixed — for the present month.

Coming Events

At Davos the International Skating Meeting is arranged for the 30th and 31st, and on the new bobsleigh run—which is two miles in length, and has a funicular to take the lazy to its summit—there are races galore. At Villars there are the Golden Skate and Golden Ski contests; and, early in February, the International Curling Bonspiel, which was held last winter in the Engadine under the patronage, funnily enough, not of a Scotsman, but of the heir to the Austrian Throne, Archduke Franz Ferdinand. At the "newest" resort, Morgins, the strangely named Winter Alps Club will inaugurate its competitions under the eye of that martinet of skaters, Mr. E. F. Benson, the novelist. At St. Moritz there is the Holland Bowl—now classical in the skating world. At St. Beatenberg—another of the newer pleasure-places—the Earl of Lytton is superintending the skating, and, no doubt, preaching the superiority of "Continental" (or, rather, international) over "English" style figures. And at Montana the Public Schools Winter Sports Club—whose president is no less august a personage than the headmaster of Eton—is arranging races and gymkhanas.

For Tired Tobogganists: The New Funicular Railway Up the Schatz Alp, Davos

Which has the most luxurious toboggan run in Switzerland, and the only one with a funicular railway to take to the top the tired (or lazy) tobogganist. (Some people also prefer it as a means of descent!)

Ski-ing and Curling

The rush to the Alps this year has been unprecedented, and at the various centres two marked developments are noteworthy—namely, the growth of ski-ing and curling in comparison with tobogganing and skating. The two last mentioned are, of course, firmly established, and will always have their adherents, but the other two, at one time of secondary importance, are coming to the fore with astonishing rapidity. There is a certain futility in tobogganing which causes it to pall, especially on a public now accustomed to a not dissimilar thrill in motoring at home. And skating has become, to some extent, a pastime for experts; you must either do it very well indeed or not at all. Ski-ing is, to the Britisher, something quite new; it combines the excitement of tobogganing with the exhilaration of exploring. On ski you can disregard the roads, you can penetrate the trackless forests and climb the hitherto inaccessible passes—and, having climbed, you can whizz back again, downhill, at whatever hair-raising pace you choose to risk

The Mild Game

Curling is milder, and precisely because it is milder it is a success. It fascinates the man who wants to be out in the sunshine, and yet does not want to break his neck. It is a game of skill without danger; it demands physical strength, a straight eye, yet has no tinge of adventure. Nevertheless, it is as absurd to say of curling that it is an old man's game as it is to say this of golf. Skis and curling stones, then, might fittingly be the symbolical emblems of the 1909 winter sport season in the Alps. No hotel catering for Britishers is lacking in a stock of both. Switzerland owes a debt of gratitude to Norway for the skis and to Scotland for the stones; and—let it be whispered—to England for the folks who spend the money!

Photos *Ward Muir*

Skating: The Lady Champion

Mrs. Edgar Syers, champion lady figure-skater, and the only woman who has ever entered for the International Championship. She won, last year, the Olympic Skating Trophy

Photo] THE JOY OF SKI-ING: AN EXHILARATING "RUN DOWN" AT KERBSHORN, DAVOS [*L. N. A.*

Ski-ing stands superior to all other forms of winter sport, in that it allows its votaries the pleasure of roaming the countryside, and confines them neither to rinks, like skating or curling, nor to prepared tracks, like tobogganing. Although a climb is sometimes arduous, there is no denying the supreme joy of the run down, which is sometimes a descent of ten miles or more over every kind of glorious snow scenery, through narrow rocky defiles, or intricate woods. Our photograph shows a run over deep snow through a pass at Kerbshorn, Davos, and the snow spurting up to the runners' knees is some indication of the great pace at which the ski-ers are travelling

By Field, Stream & Covert.

The M.F.H.'s Unique Position

Hunting people should be glad and proud of the fact that the fascinations of foxhunting are powerful enough to induce many of the premier sportsmen in the land to give up a great deal of their time and money in providing sport for all who care to pay a modest subscription for their season's fun. The position of the M.F.H. in the world of sport is unique. In no other branch but hunting could you find people so ready to accept heavy monetary and other responsibilities for the benefit of the community at large. When the M.F.H. hunts his own hounds, and really loves his work, he can derive a pleasure from his position which nothing else of the kind can surpass. But the modern tendency is to discourage the amateur huntsman. In one important country now vacant in the South-Western district, the Hunt Committee make a stipulation that the new M.F.H. shall employ a professional huntsman. Thus the charms of handling the hounds will be denied to the man who takes that country, and he must find his reward in other directions. In these circumstances the wonder is that gaps in the ranks of Masters are so quickly filled. Fortunately for the welfare of the chase, the attractions of office would seem to outweigh the various disadvantages, and good men drop out each season only to make room for others equally keen and eager.

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

An Inadequately Supported M.F.H.: Earl Manvers

Who has resigned from the Mastership of the Rufford Hounds, which he has held since 1900, on account of insufficient monetary support towards the expenses of the Hunt

Earl Manvers and the Rufford Hunt

In return for all his work and outlay, the Master of Hounds has every right to expect the solid support of his subscribers and covert-owners. When this support becomes inadequate the M.F.H. naturally asks whether it is worth while to persevere, and sends in his resignation. We have an important case in point at the present time in the Rufford country, which embraces the Nottinghamshire "Dukeries" and all that romantic land haunted by Robin Hood and his jovial company in the days of long ago. Here Earl Manvers, succeeding to a long line of excellent sportsmen, has held the Mastership since 1900. It is generally admitted that the Hunt has never been turned out in better style since the time of Captain Percy Williams (1841-1860), yet subscriptions have not been at all satisfactory. There is no Poultry Fund, or any fund for the upkeep of the kennels, so the money for these matters comes out of the pocket of the Master. At the beginning of the present season Lord Manvers said that he would be exceedingly sorry to have to give up the hounds, but reminded his followers that the days are past when landowners can keep up a Hunt establishment without generous aid, especially as the expenses of its maintenance have a tendency to increase. We now have the sequel in Lord Manvers's resignation, which, if carried into effect, will undoubtedly mean a severe loss to the country.

Devon as a Hunting County

One is often asked where good foxhunting can be enjoyed in England at a moderate cost. Away from the more fashionable centres there is a wide choice of countries, but few can show greater advantages for the man of modest means than Devonshire. Take, for example, a town like Newton Abbot. Here one can fall in with a smart three-days-a-week pack, the South Devon, while meets of the Mid-Devon can generally be reached as well. In addition, there are some capital packs of harriers in the neighbourhood, and in the summer excellent otter-hunting is available. Riders in Devonshire naturally do not expect the "oceans of grass" that make Leicestershire so popular, yet they find plenty of good riding country. About one-half of the district hunted by the South Devon Hounds is moorland, and the rest is pasture, plough, and woodland. The jumps consist mainly of banks and walls, and there is seldom any fear of encountering wire. Horses want pace for the moors and cleverness for the banks, but you will not need to pay the long prices current in the grass countries, nor will you find that the subscriptions make at all excessive demands on your resources.

Good Sport at a Moderate Cost

All things considered, it is safe to say that the hunting man who can choose his own country, and yet has closely to consider his expenses, might do worse than try

Foxhunting for the Moderate Man

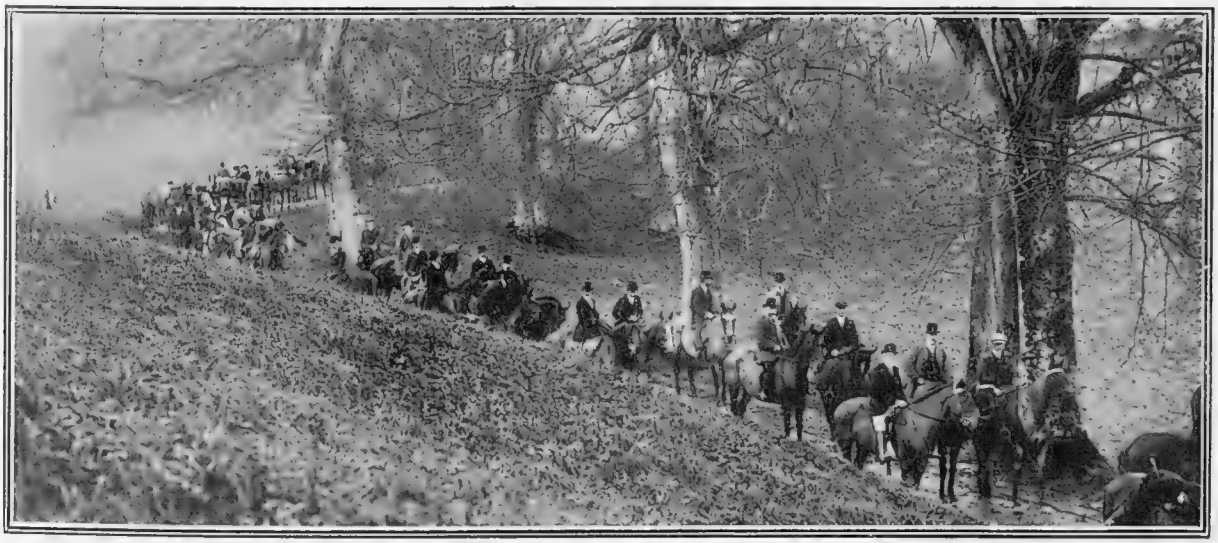
THE INEXPENSIVE DELIGHTS OF THE SOUTH DEVON

Trying the Bank

Mrs. Brunskill, Wife of the Master, Mr. H. F. Brunskill, who is also the Huntsman

Hounds Arrive at the Meet
Crossing the bridge over the Dart at Totnes

The Meet at the "Plains," Totnes

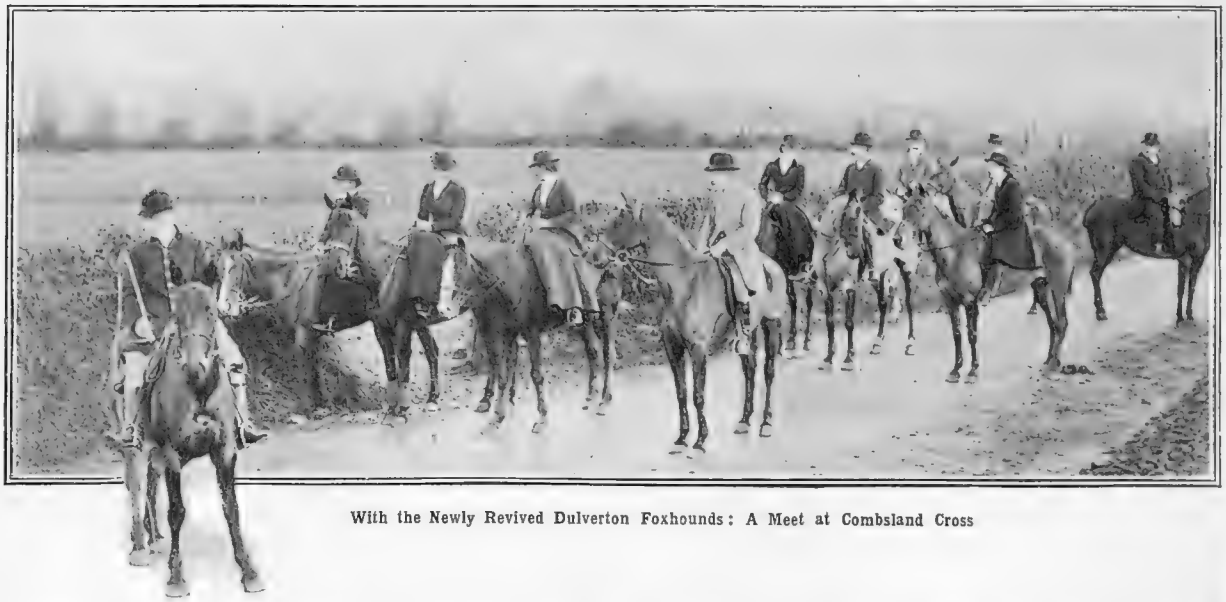


Photos *Dixon*

A Check in Sharpham Wood

Outside the very fashionable hunting centres there is a wide choice of countries where the hunting man whose means are moderate can enjoy excellent foxhunting at quite a modest cost. The South Devon is just such a Hunt, for the subscriptions are not high, and the sport, over moorland, pasture, plough, and woodland country, with little or no wire, is excellent. The days of meeting are Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. The best centre is Newton Abbot

A Day With the Dulverton



With the Newly Revived Dulverton Foxhounds: A Meet at Combsland Cross

a season in Devonshire. He would be certain to have full value for his money, and enjoy genuine foxhunting among keen Devon sportsmen of the right type. On the previous page are illustrations of a day with the South Devon Hounds on the occasion of their meet near Totnes, which is another convenient centre for packs in this county. Our photograph of the Dulverton country shows a recent meet at Combsland Cross, and here, again, we have an admirable sporting district for the man of moderate means. The town of Dulverton itself, just on the Somerset border, is exceedingly handy for the keen sportsman. There are no fewer than three packs of foxhounds within reach, namely, the Dulverton (revived this season by Mr. G. E. H. Wills with much success), the Exmoor, and the West Somerset, and you are almost in the heart of Red Deer Land, the Devon and Somerset, and Sir John Amory's staghounds often coming this way. In short, the sporting attractions of this corner of England are almost inexhaustible, and especially appeal to the man who does not sigh for the elaborate "panoply of the chase" to be found in other—and more expensive—regions.

A. W. C.

Hounds Arrive at the Meet

Photos *Dixon*

Trying Comb Wood, One of the Prettiest Bits of Woodland in the Country

The Dulverton Foxhounds, which meet twice a week, hunt a country similar in character to that of the South Devon, lying between Devon and Somerset. The best centre is Dulverton, which is also handy for the meets of the Exmoor Hunt. Mr. Gilbert Wills is the Master and huntsman

A STORY OF A RUN WITH THE QUORN

"BUT what on earth do you want me to do?" said the big man, blankly.

"Sh!" warned his hostess, clapping the door shut upon him.

She, the incorrigible, the sleepy, had scrambled down to the breakfast-room clad in what her maid most truly translated a "morning neglect"—and all to secure a private word with Hay before the smell of bacon brought James downstairs.

"I couldn't get hold of you last night," she complained, panting. "I know he suspects—he guesses why I was so awfully anxious to ask you down."

"But I don't see how——" stammered Hay.

She interrupted him quickly, shrill with reproach. "You saved him from drowning when you were boys."

"B—but my having had the misfortune to hook him out of a duck-pond before the Flood doesn't make me responsible for his sins," he protested, feebly, trying to follow her argument. The angry choke in her voice was more convincing.

"If *your* only husband was in the toils of a vixen," she cried, "you'd seize any lawful means——" and swooped suddenly upon him as he stood up, and turned him about, and looked him carefully up and down. Then she nodded.

"You'll do, Billy," she said. "I like your tailor. Scarlet suits your complexion, too, and you manage to fold your ties flatter than James; and you look so massive and so important. She's the sort of fiend who'd appreciate you turning out spick and span."

"But what on earth——?" repeated Hay, all at sea. The bacon was chilling on his plate while he grappled with the dark and ulterior motives that had prompted that pressing invitation to run down for a week's hunting with the Quorn.

She left off twitching and patting his clothes, as if he had been a creditable dummy, and dropped her voice.

"Make up to her!" she cried, in a fierce whisper. "Cut him out. Pretend that she has bewitched you too, and make her drop her bone for a shadow. He fancies himself her champion. Let him see her shunt him for another victim, a—a—a prize."

The murder was out. Hay was at first too much taken aback to grin. Then he collapsed into helpless laughter as he grasped the simplicity of the plot.

"Oh, you married women!" he chuckled. "Are you throwing me to the wolves?"

She hastened to reassure him; her tone became soft and wheedling.

"You can take care of yourself," she said. "You're a man of the world, a bachelor, all that's safe and selfish. And she's not at all dangerous, except to susceptible idiots like—us. She's a bold, weather-beaten fiend with a loud 'ha-ha!'"

Hay shook his head. He didn't like his office. His opposition alarmed her, and her voice rose to the wail of an affrighted baby; she clung to his arm.

"Oh, Billy!" she cried, "you're so good-natured; you couldn't see me and James drowning—*drowning*—before your eyes!"

And suddenly she pushed him into his chair.

"Sit down. Go on with your breakfast," she said, and whisked out of the room by the pantry door.

Down came James in his hunting things and his slippers, smoothing his lank moustache. He wore his boots tight, and so delayed putting them on till the last moment, and he hadn't made any noise on the stairs. He walked up to the fire and warmed the bare strip of shin displayed between his breeches and his socks, sniffing suspiciously round the room.

"Seen Bessy?" he said. "I fancy she's promenading the house in her dressing-gown."

The visitor grunted, munching his food stolidly.

Both men were conscious of a palpitating atmosphere of domestic stir. The host opened his mouth again, but closed it—an ominous sign—without speaking out, and went down upon his knees on the hearth-rug, clattering the hot dishes waiting in a row in the fender. His slightly uncomfortable expression relaxed into a flattered, lackadaisical air of guilt that made Hay, his old school-fellow, long to hit him.

He had no opportunity to receive or refuse instructions till the horses came round, when Bessy showed herself. Up till then James had stuck to him like a limpet.

"Good morning, Billy," she said. "I've come down to see you off."

"Good morning," said Hay, gravely.

James shot a glance from one to the other—he had committed the error of mounting first—and stooped

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

to adjust his stirrup. His animal obligingly stood on end, and his wife seized upon that half-second for private communication.

"Look out for Amy," she whispered quickly. "She knows—she'll help you."

Hay had a parting glimpse of a beseeching round face disfigured by tears, or a cold in the head, as he rode off into the bleak east wind in company with that James who was so easily offended.

The Quorn were at Great Dalby, and he didn't know anybody in the crowd, the usual jostling, jabbering mixture of black and scarlet. Probably there were one or two people out that he had come across on his occasional trips into Leicestershire, but he hadn't a good memory for faces. He sat quietly on his horse, and looked about him, big, good-humoured, and amused, a spectator, with his broad back to the wind. Hounds came drifting round the top of the village and squatted in the midst of the square of grass, that island in the whirlpool. The church clock told it was past eleven, but there was still no diminution in the long string of arrivals winding up from Melton, and the wonder was where they would put themselves. James had moved on, squeezing in difficult search of somebody through the press. His conscious look placarded the situation, and the friend of the family felt how he would enjoy wiping it out of his silly face.

Then the sun came out, and a lady who rode down from the Kirby turned and halted on his right. He looked hard at her—he couldn't help it—and when she smiled at him he was unaccountably glad.

"I thought you had forgotten me," she said.

Hay got somehow to her side. Was it one year or two since he had taken her down at a dinner-party, and had lost her without a clue, for he couldn't catch her name, and had described her wrongly; couldn't get her dress right, couldn't explain to Bessy what she had on? Words never convey to another person the same idea; description is always hopeless. Perhaps the impression had faded somewhat, but now he saw her——!

"Don't shake my hand off," she said. "Do you know who I am?" Inspiration told him. They smiled at each other. So this was Amy!

"You're my fellow conspirator," he said, promptly. "Oh! I say, you know, it's too bad."

"Too bad?" she repeated, lifting her brows. She had a young face, and a trick of laughing crinkled the corners of her eyes, but her mouth was a little sad. He remembered the way she turned up her chin.

"Well?" said Hay. "Look at me. I was lured down here hoping innocently for a run or two with the Hardy and Hornies——"

"Don't mock at us," said she. "Not so loud. Here's the Master. Have they put you up on one of the carriage horses?"

"From all I hear," said Hay, grinning over his big-bodied and beefy horse. "Poor old James is capable of any crime, even that. Bessy says you know all about it, and she told me to look out for you. I wish you'd post me up in the shocking details."

"How much do you know?" she said, all at once serious. Hay lowered his voice, drawing in his horse a bit nearer to hers. Consultation was a relief.

"She was awfully incoherent about it all," he said. "Just a few furious whispers when James wasn't in the room. I concluded there's some woman—a widow of sorts, a campaigner, who's sent to Coventry by all right-minded people, etc., and who has cast a spell over him. Bessy wants me to cut in and sort of distract the foe, draw her fire—behave like a Jack o' Lantern."

He reddened. It was a ridiculous plot. And she reddened, too, but faintly.

"And lead her into the mire?" said she.

"Don't!" said Hay. "Of course, I couldn't do it."

"Why not?" she said. "Because a man's code, his stiff and crooked code of honour, forbids him to cut out his friend?"

"I wasn't considering him," said Hay. He spoke openly, encouraged by a queer feeling of comradeship, quick and steady, between him and the woman at his side—Bessy's confidant, and, consequently—or inconsequently—his own.

"Who, then?" she said, turning to him.

"The whole thing's too utterly ——" he broke out. "Oh! the woman. It makes me hot to think of how she'd look at it. Did Bessy talk it over with you? And you let her ——? You might have suggested to her what a thundering coxcomb she makes me out."

"You shouldn't pity that woman," she said, and there was a touch of bitterness in her voice. He caught himself wondering if by any chance this bad stranger had hurt her, too.

"I don't know," he objected, lamely; "but I imagine she's got nobody to fight for her but herself."

"And nobody to blame but herself," said Amy. "All the women hate her, and their men are afraid to approach her now. She knew when it first began that there was some horrid story circulating from ear to ear, and still she didn't run away, but brazens it out, professing it isn't true."

"Plucky, that," said Hay, but conscience pricked him, reminding him of Bessy. "I say, what's to be done?" he asked.

"Hound her out of the place," she said, coolly. "Oh, you needn't admire the woman for sticking to her guns. She knows if she turns her back on the tale it will follow her; tales always do, true or false. They say she poisoned her husband, or something like that, you know. And your friend has set up himself as her champion. He's done her a lot of harm."

She smiled at Hay rather oddly.

"He lost his head over his own chivalry," she explained, "not her wrongs. He couldn't hold his tongue, and his uncalled-for trumpetings spread the scandal, till people began to think there really *was* something in it. Funny, wasn't it? A punishment for rather incautiously grabbing in her panic at a man's helping hand."

She gathered up her reins, looking in front of her. There were signs that a move was imminent, and it was time to step into the middle of the road or run the risk of getting shut in, edged out of their places in the procession. Hay imitated her tactics, keeping to her side.

Across the bobbing heads he was aware of James making towards him, and intercepted by a woman occupying with her horse a vacant yard or so of roadside grass. She was of a hard countenance, large-boned, distinctly horsey; and her manner, to him, smacked strongly of the possessive case. They seemed to be holding a confabulation. And as others, surging on, jammed them into the ranks, the

"'Go home to your wife, you d——d fool,' said Hay"

BY SNAFFLES

woman turned round in her saddle and nodded perceptibly, looking Hay straight in the eye.

"Good Lord!" he gasped to his neighbour. "D'you see that female winking at me?"

"I suppose," she said, "she recognises you as a watch dog."

"But I don't know her," said Hay; and then, illuminated, "Bless my soul! James always *was* an ass."

His look of disgust and astonishment overcame her gravity. She laughed unexpectedly, irresistibly, no giggle, and he caught himself joining her; she understood so well.

"Aren't you going to carry out your orders?" she said.

A whip was riding on, making a lane up the village; hounds were starting, and the riders fell in behind them, an interminable cavalcade heading for Gartree Hill, and under way at last.

"Not I," said Hay. The spectacle of that weather-tanned Delilah had somehow extinguished his confused sentiments of compassion, had turned the threatening tragedy into farce. The errant husband was bound to come to his senses. It wasn't worth Bessy's tears.

(*Continued on page 89*)

Photo] THE MOST WONDERFUL RUINS IN EGYPT: THE GREAT TEMPLE OF AMEN-RA, AT KARNAK, THEBES [*R. Whitbread*

The magnificent ruins of the temple-buildings at Karnak, Thebes, 450 miles from Cairo, are, perhaps, the most remarkable in Egypt, and to the tourist their marvels are a source of never-ending wonder. The great temple of Amen-Ra at Karnak, a mile from Luxor, fronted by the Nile, was [illegible] the Egyptian Kings delighted to honour and adorn. For as Amen-Ra gradually rose from the mere status of a local god to the dignity of the Great God of Egypt, his dwelling-place at Thebes naturally rose with him in importance and splendour. Some of the columns in the famous "Hall of [illegible]" are [illegible] high and the gigantic walls are ornamented with battle scenes and inscriptions.

(*Continued from page 87*)

"Besides," he put in hastily, in excuse, "James wouldn't introduce me. He knows we're plotting. Didn't you see him scowl at me when he looked round just now?"

Their conversation was drowned in the clatter of trotting horses. One could talk secrets as loudly as in a desert. She leaned over to him impulsively; her arm almost brushed his coat.

"Is she very wretched?"

"Who? Bessy?" said Hay, with compunction. "I'm afraid so, poor old girl. She probably thinks this female is madly in love with him."

"What are we to do?" she said.

He liked that "we," and looked down at her with kindling admiration, feeling eternally obliged to Bessy, whose frantic bidding had thrown them so suddenly together. Surely the plain, dark habit suited her miles better than whatever nondescript furbelows he hadn't noticed that time he saw her first. And how comfortably she sat her horse, looking neither like a sack nor a poker. The withering east wind that gave the other women a pinched and shrewish look was just reddening her cheek; her eyes smiled at him.

"We'll see," he said, repeating that pleasant word. And then they all scattered up the hill, and, massing again on the other side, hung above the cover.

Out came a fox with the suspicious alacrity of a bagman and shot across the road to seek a vain refuge in the Lake Plantation, whose straggling screen hid his further line for a minute. There followed the usual Quorn scuffle, all but on the top of hounds, and a yell arose as the fox was descried turning into the wind, running blindly towards the Flats.

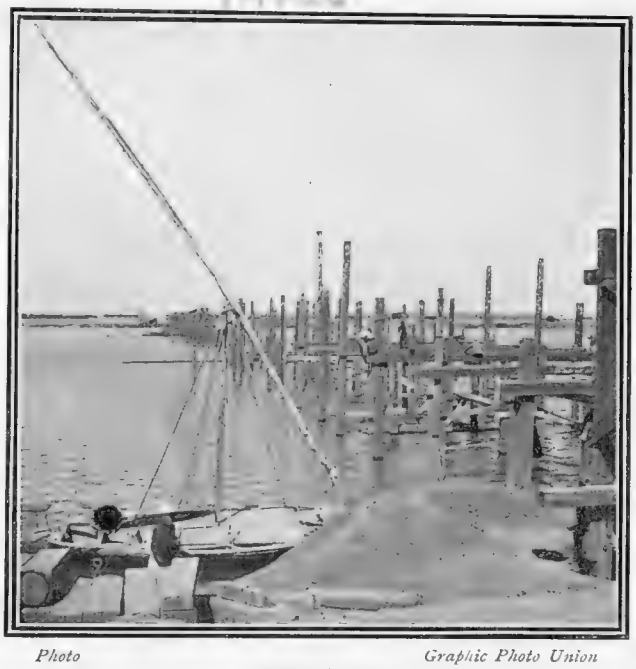


Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

Civilising the Nile

This photograph of the work of bridging the Blue Nile at its junction with the White Nile at Khartoum illustrates the gradual "civilising" of the district, to which Lord Kitchener's Egyptian victories gave so great an impetus

Pell-mell the riders hurled themselves back upon him, pouring over the grass till a fair start was won, and the unruly host was thinned by timber and circumstance. Far and wide the country was lit by vanishing sparks of scarlet.

Hay, who didn't know where he was, charged as straight as he could go, trusting in his luck. Not for him the cunning circumnavigation of a brook, the useful recollection of a better place. He had to take things as they came, getting acquainted with his horse, who probably knew more of it all than he did, and who was, at least, thank Heaven! up to his weight. The wind whistled in his teeth, stinging his blood, the ledges started up in front of him and dropped behind him. Now there was elbow room.

"Don't put him at that. He can't get over."

Her cry of warning reached him too late. She was on his left as he blundered down to it. It was a horrid place, a yawning ditch with sides like a precipice and a trickle of water away down in the bottom, the kind of place to break a horse's back if he tumbled back into it, failing to clear the high double fence with its unbroken rails.

"I'll make him," Hay swore between his teeth. It was mad of him on another man's horse, but he wanted to show her that he could ride. And she—as he marked the first ominous signs of his horse's disinclination he saw her in the air, alighting and swooping on. His determination conquered; he felt his horse hesitate and shiver slightly between his knees, but he gripped him hard and rattled him at it and got him over—just got him over.

"You're a rash man," she said over her shoulder as he galloped after her on landing. She was a little breathless, owing probably to the pace; or had she been listening for a crash?

"You gave me a lead," said Hay.

"That horse has been down there before," she said. "Didn't he try to refuse?"

"Down with James?"

"Yes. It was a miracle he wasn't killed; but he's lighter than you. If you had come down——"

"Don't rub it in," said Hay. "I'd have cracked all my ribs, of course. I'm not an attenuated feather. But you wouldn't have me funk my fences if I am to cut him out?"

He thought she would laugh at that little joke; he wanted to hear her laugh again; but she did not.

"I forgot," she said, and they jumped two or three bits of hedges silently side by side.

James had, indeed, been pounded by that barrier, of which he had dismal experience. They had run to Wild's Lodge, wheeled sharp again and circled Little Dalby, over the hill to Leesthorpe, making a ring in the Cottesmore country; had hustled their own fox through Berry Gorse and the Long Spinney along the riverside into the Belvoir stronghold, a pretty raid altogether, before James managed to catch them up. By that time people were lunching and looking round for their second horses.

"Here they are, the pair of them," chuckled Hay.

These two had reappeared simultaneously, James and the gawky woman, who noted Hay, and made some remark that seemed to annoy her companion, as she dismounted and stalked, totally unabashed at the scantiness of her apron, across the field. James came up to the conspirators alone. He was splashed and cross.

"I didn't know you knew each other," he said, and his air was sulky.

"Oh, we are old friends," said Hay.

His host turned a suspicious look on the lady.

"Bessy has sent out her grey for your second horse. I don't know how he'll carry you," he went on, ungraciously. "Will you get on him now?"

"Oh, wait till I bolt my sandwich," said Hay. The grey was frisky, and had a red ribbon on his tail. If James wanted to detach him from Amy so that they should not compare notes, let him try. *He* was not going to budge. He had found her, and he would stick to her, if the gods were kind. With grim amusement he maintained his post till that weather-beaten enchantress called her victim off, shouting to him to come and examine a scratch on her horse's flank. It seemed to Hay that his obedience dragged.

They went back to Gartree Hill to draw, and had a straight run. The wind went down, and the idlers went home, and the world grew dim and glorious, a fit scene for that great chase in the late afternoon. Hounds ran far and fast, screaming along strange valleys, climbing unfamiliar hills, skirting here and there an unknown village, and checked at last on the hither side of a hanging patch of gorse a little short of the moon. But it wasn't to be a long pause; the huntsman was lifting them, and men urged up their lathered horses.

Hay wiped his forehead, tipping back his hat. The grey had carried him bravely, and he had been conscious throughout the gallop of nothing but the joy of it, while keeping his half-acknowledged vow not to lose sight of—her. He looked round at the diminished army and rode up closer. They had practically seen out the thing side by side.

"What a day!" he said, more triumphantly than he knew.

"If they hit on his line I am going home," she said "It's a long way. And I don't like to watch a kill."

He did not know anything about her yet—did not even know where she lived. But, blessed link! they had James in common.

"I'll ride with you," he said; "if you'll let me. I am quite lost. And we've got this momentous affair to settle."

"Perhaps——" she began, and stopped herself.

He thought she looked tired. She had ridden as hard as a man, and she was a slight thing, after all—not strong enough to stand it. He looked towards the wandering shadows, huntsman and pack trying hither and thither, and at the gathering in their wake. James had tardily struggled up, and the siren, who had been in front all along, had spied him, and was shouting at him.

"I'm forbidden to tackle him," muttered Hay; "but I *will*, though. I'll give him a tremendous wigging. I'll make him ashamed of himself!"

"Ah!" she said, "and don't spare the woman. To encourage a man because she was friendless, because he seemed the only person who believed in her—oh, she deserves to suffer his patronising attentions, his advertising of himself as her hero. But when you're judging her afterwards, Major Hay, don't forget that she might find the position insupportable, might be driven to anything — any wild trick that would shake him off."

"Such as?" said Hay. He was puzzled.

That gallop that had stirred his blood to a racing recklessness had tired her out. The colour was dying in her cheek. He saw it paling as he leaned over in his saddle, and her voice was not quite steady—it shook a little, like her wrists. A tired woman is imprudent; she cannot keep so tight a hold on herself, cannot shut her lips.

"You put it into my head," she said hurriedly. "You jumped at the wrong conclusion. You don't even know my name."

"Oh! but I do," said Hay, stoutly. "It's "—and he brought it out with conviction—"Amy."

"Ah!" she said. "I thought so."

A faint derision was quivering on her mouth. She sat a little straighter, and pointed with her whip at the ungainly horsewoman crossing the landscape with James in tow, the woman who had looked at Hay knowingly once or twice.

"*That*," she said, "is Amy."

Hay stared at her, dumb with amazement.

"Yes," she said, "she's your appointed coadjutor. She has been bolstering up the scheme, contriving a clear course for you, pointing out to a person whose conceit is proof against ordinary snubbing—that—oh, you can't say I didn't play up to you!"

"Who are you?" said Hay, stupidly.

"Nothing much," she assured him, "only—the poor villain of the piece."

Hounds had picked up the scent. There was a rush to be with them, a rather abrupt change from inaction to a tumultuous pursuit. The horses had got cold, and there was some clumsy jumping as the pack veered, twisting down into the dip. Hay, instinctively sticking to his companion, watched her ride carelessly at an ugly place. Perhaps she was excited, perhaps in the hurry misjudging her fatigue. Anyhow, she failed to steady her horse, and they came down heavily on the landing side. As Hay reached her, throwing himself off to come to her help, she made one effort to rise, and could not.

Two or three others had stopped; a black-coated young man, who had stayed out unwontedly late for a doctor, knelt down on her other side and professionally took her pulse. His solemn look struck her as funny, but it hurt her to laugh; she winced and caught her breath, smiling gallantly up at Hay.

"I can't—move—for a minute," she said; "don't —don't——" as he stood up, stripping off his coat, folding it to lay it beneath her shoulders. Hounds had disappeared, and the rest of the field were vanishing in the twilight, but, lo! James bore down upon them, and, thrusting himself through the small knot of Samaritans, went down importantly on his knees.

In his haste he had knocked his hat off, and it dangled by its string as he fussed over her anxiously, all in a minute tugging to loosen her tie, advising the doctor to make an examination, unbuttoning with an offensive air of proprietorship.

"Don't touch me," she panted, struggling not to faint. "Go away!"

Her repudiation of him would not have stayed his officious fingers. James had no comprehension of the bitterness in her cry. But the other man, watching her face and understanding, came to the rescue. His soul was hot with a kind of raging tenderness. He laid hold of James and flung him out of the way.

"Go home to your wife, you d——d fool!" said Hay.

And he took his own place—for always—and slipped his arm under her, supporting her as she lay dizzy on the grass.

R. Ramsay.

London's Fairest and Funniest

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS PHYLLIS DARE AS CINDERELLA, AND MR. DAN ROLYAT AS THE BARON, AT THE ADELPHI

Though she has for two or three years past appeared as Cinderella in the provinces, this is the first time Miss Phyllis Dare has been seen in the role in a London pantomime. She is just as undoubtedly London's fairest Cinderella as Mr. Dan Rolyat is one of the most genuinely humorous and amusing personalities appearing in any of the Christmas productions in Town

THE LIBRARY

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

"The Bedale Hounds." By Captain F. H. Reynard. (Dressep and Sons, Darlington.)

"When Diamonds Were Trumps." By Reginald Herbert. (W. Southwood and Co.: 21s.)

"The Sword and the Cowl." By Edgar Swan. (Digby, Long: 6s.)

TWO BOOKS ON SPORT AND A NOVEL OF THE CONQUEST

A Northern Hunt

Gradually all the more important Hunts are finding historians to place their records into permanent shape. After the delights of riding to hounds there are few things more pleasant to the keen sportsman than to "fight his battles o'er again" by the aid of some glowing description of the chase. Followers of the Bedale, one of the leading Yorkshire packs, will, accordingly, be grateful to Captain F. H. Reynard for his excellent history and record of *The Bedale Hounds*, 1832-1908 (Dressep and Sons, Darlington). The Hunt is not of the most ancient, but it has always rejoiced in the possession of sportsmen of the right type, who have unselfishly done their best to show sport. Its early history is largely bound up with the Raby Hounds, hunted by the second and third Lords Darlington, after whom Mr. Mark Milbank came to establish the country in something like its present shape. The author is fortunate in having had access to the hunting diary faithfully kept by this notable North-country sportsman, whose great-grandson is a most successful M.F.H. at the present day, showing once again that the hunting instinct is hereditary in men as well as in hounds. Captain Reynard is, I believe, the Deputy-Master of the Bedale Hounds, and the book gains in value and interest by his obvious knowledge of hounds and hunting. He is able to discriminate between the work of the various Masters of the pack with a nicety that would be impossible in one less versed in the science of the sport.

Author and Anecdote

And yet I am inclined to doubt whether a Hunt official is quite the best man to write an impartial account of the pack to which he is attached. He must ever have before him a fear lest some comment or criticism, however well justified, will give offence to his friends and neighbours. Captain Reynard practically admits this difficulty, and makes it his reason for steering clear of what he calls the "thorny path of anecdote." It takes two people, he reminds us, to make the anecdote—the one who scores, and the one scored off. And he hesitates to hurt the feelings of the latter section. It is, I think, an unfortunate decision on the part of the author. The mere record of hunting runs and extracts from diaries needs to be enlivened by the cheery joke and the lively tale. And Captain Reynard has put his book together so capably in other ways that I feel sure he could have given us a few of those "lots of anecdotes" which he tells us he possesses. However, we have to take the book as we find it, and Yorkshire hunting people will give it a hearty welcome.

Some Racy Reminiscences

Here is an author not frightened of anecdote! A frank and racy writer if you like, and one who carries us through from beginning to end with the hustle of a five-furlong sprint. In the world of sport, who does not know "Reggie" Herbert? Master of the Monmouthshire Hounds for many years, a pioneer of polo, a daring steeplechase jockey who was ever ready to ride for any stake or over any country, a prominent figure in the sensational "Hasting era" of forty years ago, a man who has "seen everything" and "known everybody" in sport for half a century—a *raconteur*, surely, of unrivalled qualifications. As a literary compilation, Mr. Reginald Herbert's book, *When Diamonds Were Trumps* (W. Southwood and Co.: 21s.), takes no high place, but as a breezy gossip on the "good old times" it is inimitable. How the veterans will chuckle over these reminiscences. How the new generation of "young bloods" will envy Mr. Herbert those stirring experiences which made sporting history in the past. The title of the book, it should be explained, has reference to the racing colours of the author, who expresses the opinion that "given good health and a fair supply of the needful, there's nowt like racing." He gives us tales of many old-time steeplechase meetings, the like of which are never seen nowadays. The account of his famous match, "two miles on the flat, owners up," against the well-known American sportsman, Mr. Ten Broeck, is one of the gems of the book. No doubt Mr. Herbert will receive sufficient encouragement from his readers to induce him to redeem his half-promise to write a further instalment of his experiences. I must not forget to mention the clever illustrations of Finch Mason, which are thoroughly in harmony with the raciness of the book.

A Tale of the Conquest

That Mr. Edgar Swan can tell a good tale of incident and adventure, readers of his *The Luck of the Tsar* will remember, and he has given an interesting and exciting story of the Norman Conquest in his latest book, *The Sword and the Cowl* (Digby, Long: 6s.). The book is full of lovings, and fightings, and slayings, and is written in a breezy, up-to-date style, which banishes tedium into the limbo of forgotten things for the time being. Some of Mr. Swan's dialogue, however, is a curious mixture of the archaic and the modern. For instance, Saxon Thanes refer to "Mr. Enemy" and "my contumacious pedagogue." Also, surely, it would be unlikely that a country-bred Saxon would speak Norman. Still, we can let these points pass as we have been given a thoroughly entertaining story.

A TRANS-AFRICAN MOTOR TRIP

Lieut. Graetz in his Car (in centre with flag) and the Flotilla of Motors which travelled 30 miles from Johannesburg to meet him

A Tremendous Journey

The motoring hero of the moment is undoubtedly Lieut. Graetz, the young German officer who is journeying across Africa to Swakopmund, German South-West Africa, in a 50 h.-p. Guggeneau car. It is now almost seventeen months since Lieut. Graetz made a start from Dar-es-Salaam, the principal town in German East Africa; but twelve of these have been spent in various unavoidable delays, such as bridge-building, road-making, motor repairs, and frequent runnings short of petrol, fresh supplies having to be awaited. He had marvellous luck with his tyres, his first set lasting him for 4,800 miles.

Overcoming the Difficulties

Lieut. Graetz has had many thrilling experiences. When he had covered but 500 miles of his journey his chauffeur ran the car into a river and the cylinders exploded. Fresh cylinders had to be sent for from Europe before he could proceed, and then his chauffeur fell ill from blackwater fever, and his place had to be filled, which caused another delay. Between Abercorn and Koronga he encountered a river which was impossible to bridge, consequently, with the assistance of Kaffirs, he was compelled to make 600 miles of road through the bush. At Picca the petrol that had been sent on in advance was found to have evaporated, and five weeks were wasted while a fresh supply was sent for from Fort Jameson.

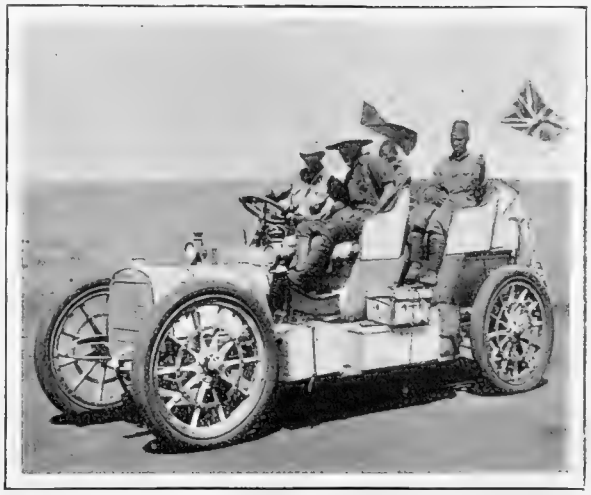
Photographed En Route: Lieut. Graetz
Who is travelling across Africa in a motor-car

Cranes for Food

At this time the Lieutenant's food consisted of such dainty morsels as cranes and frogs. At Broken Hill there was a month's delay. As a result of the rain and heat, the wood of the wheels had expanded and contracted, and the spoke-screws broke through into the tyres. He reached Johannesburg on December 11, and at the present time should be making his way across the Kalahari Desert. Supplies of petrol have been forwarded to various points along the route, and he carries 300 gallons with him. Lieut. Graetz's object is to discover whether it is possible to travel across Africa in a motor-car, to learn something of the interior, and to get some shooting.

Photo

Lieut. Graetz Poses Before his Car



Brittain

Near Johannesburg: Lieut. Graetz, his Chauffeur (Mr. Gould), with two Egyptian boys

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Amateur Status in Golf

Ever since the institution of the Amateur Championship, in 1886, we have rubbed along with a very loose definition of an amateur golfer. The Americans have a much more drastic definition than ours. For purposes of comparison, I set them out textually, ours being as follows:

"An amateur golfer is a golfer who has never made for sale golf clubs, balls, or any other article connected with the game; who has never carried clubs for hire after attaining the age of fifteen years, and who has not carried clubs for hire at any time within six years of the date on which the competition begins; who has never received any consideration for playing in a match or for giving lessons in the game; and who for a period of five years prior to September 1, 1886, has never received a money prize in any open competition."

The American definition is the following:

"No person shall be considered an amateur golfer, or shall be eligible to compete in the Amateur Championships of this Association, who receives a monetary consideration, either directly or indirectly, by reason of connection with, or skill displayed in, playing the game of golf or other branches of athletics."

A Distinction and a Difference

The difference between the two definitions is very striking. Ours aims at keeping distinct the two classes who have played the game from time immemorial, viz., those who play it for amusement and those who make a livelihood out of it, whether as playing professionals, golf shop workers, or caddies.

The Americans made the meshes of their net much finer, and it is practically impossible for anyone under that definition to play as an amateur who makes any money in any form whatsoever out of the game of golf. Rigidly interpreted, the American definition would exclude from the ranks of amateur golfers all those who, like myself, write articles on golf which a kind editor recompenses on a more or less generous scale with coin of the realm. Under this rule a good many of our prominent amateurs would have either to sheathe their pens or their clubs, and I think the world of golf would be distinctly the poorer for the loss of such writers as Mr. Horace Hutchinson, Mr. Hilton, Mr. Darwin, and Mr. John Low.

What the Aim Would Be

When we come to look at the matter dispassionately, we can see what it is such a definition should aim at. Broadly speaking, it should aim at keeping the spheres of operation of the amateur and the professional clearly and definitely distinct. For instance, if a member of a golf club is willing to teach beginners or long handicap men for so much an hour, he is deliberately entering into competition with the club professional and cutting into one of the sources of livelihood of that professional. He is rightly barred by both definitions quoted above. The player who writes about the game is on a somewhat different footing, for he is not taking the bread out of the mouth of the professional. It is only within the last few years that any professionals have published their theories on golf in book form, and at no time has journalism or writing on the game been one of the recognised sources of a professional's income.

A Vexed Question

I am now coming to the vexed question which is agitating the minds of a good many professionals. Has an amateur golfer the right to go about the country laying out courses for a fee? I am free to confess that as between the amateur and professional layer-out of a course I have no hesitation in giving my preference to the former. If a body of men form themselves into a club, and want their course laid out, I think it is much best for them to form a strong committee out of their own members and to lay out the course themselves with the advice, if necessary, of their own professional. Failing this, however, I do not think it right for them to call in an outside amateur at a fee to the exclusion of the professional layer-out. The laying out of courses has always been one of the recognised sources of income of the leading professional players of the day. It is one of the collateral advantages of winning the Open Championship that the winner's special clubs, his services in exhibition matches, and his advice in laying out or altering courses are eagerly sought and well paid. If amateurs as a body are going to compete with the professional in laying out courses for hire, then I think the professionals have a distinct grievance. It is evident, as between the looseness of our amateur definition and the tightness of the American one, there is some middle course possible, which shall prevent the two classes of players from clashing. Much ill-feeling will ensue, I fear, unless something is done to prevent the legitimate sphere of the professionals from being encroached upon. ERNEST LEHMANN.

A Book for Bridge Players

All players of Auction Bridge will be glad to have the advantage of the American view of the game which is set forth in "Auction Bridge," by R. F. Foster, the card editor of the *New York Sun* (De La Rue: 3*s.* 6*d.* net). His simple and lucid arguments will make the book of great service to the novice, while the more experienced player will find the tactics of the game set out here an interesting study. An exhaustive chapter is allotted to the declaration of trumps, which is the chief feature of the game, while the concluding pages are devoted to a description of the varieties of "Auction Bridge."

Three "R's" of Recent Sport

RACING : RUGBY : ROWING

Sport at Gatwick: Taking the First Hurdle in the Caterham Selling Handicap

Good sport and fine weather favoured last week's Gatwick Meeting, and there was a large attendance on each day. The Caterham Handicap, illustrated above, was unexpectedly won by Adonis III., the property of Mr. W. H. L. Ewart, while the favourite, Athol, came in second

Captain de Crespigny's Warner wins the Grange Steeplechase

Photos] The England v. Australia Match at Blackheath: The Wallabies get a Brilliant Try [*Dixon*

Poor old England was beaten once again on Saturday at Blackheath by the Australian team by 9 points to 3, after a good, a hard, a keen, but by no means a great game. For a brief moment at the beginning it looked as if the almost forgotten glories of English Rugger were to be resuscitated; but the flash was only a flash, and the Wallabies, after the first twenty minutes, had nearly all the game. Both sets of backs were good, but it was "the forwards as did it," as usual in Internationals in which England is one of the competitors

Photo] The Cambridge Trials Begin: The Crew in Full Swing [*Halftones, Ltd.*

The first combined effort of the Cambridge Eight for the present season took place on the Cam on Friday last. Considering the blustery weather conditions they experienced, the crew did very well. D. C. R. Stuart, the President, advised the work from horseback. The names of the crew are as follows: Coxswain, G. D. Compston; Stroke, R. W. M. Arbuthnot; E. S. Hornidge, J. B. Rosher, E. G. Williams, C. P. Cooke, G. L. Thomson, G. E. Fairbairn, and T. D. Richardson

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Amateurs on Tour

Although the days have apparently for ever passed away, owing to the politics of the game, when the Corinthians, on their Christmas and Easter tours, used to meet, and frequently to defeat, many of the strongest professional league teams, they still continue these seasonal excursions, and the one they have just concluded shows that the great amateur organisation is still in the best of form. The hideous weather of the few days following Christmas necessitated the scratching of their fixture against the Surrey A.F.A., but after a drawn match with Tunbridge Wells they beat in succession Notts Magdala, the Kent A.F.A., and Eastbourne, scoring ten goals in each of the last two matches, against a solitary goal obtained by Eastbourne. The Corinthians, in their last match, showed form which caused many good judges among the spectators to consider that they would beat any team, amateur or professional, in the kingdom; and, though that is rather a large order, the forwards were certainly a magnificent scoring line, and were thoroughly imbued with the idea that the object of the game is to get goals, and not merely to indulge in beautiful and fanciful finessing when within shooting distance—a process which normally results in play being again transferred to the middle of the field or to an abortive corner-kick. While the Corinthians were thus employed in the Midlands and the South, the Casuals were engaged in the Midlands only, and though they, too, had to scratch two of their matches owing to the snow, they won the other three games on their programme, beating Notts A.F.A., Notts Magdala, and Derby Thornhill and Derwent. Against Notts Magdala they only just got home by a goal to nothng, but they won their other matches very easily. In view of the close fight also made by the Notts Club against the Corinthians three days before, a match between the two touring teams to wind up their Christmas travels would have proved very interesting.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The New and Old Rackets Champions: George Standing (left) and Peter Latham

Latham held the Championship for sixteen years, from 1887 to 1902, when he retired; but he has just been defeated by Standing, the American champion, by three sets to love

RUGBY FOOTBALL

Good Holiday "Rugger"

Christmas tours are by no means confined to Soccer players; and some excellent football was shown by the Fettesian-Lorettonians on their expedition to London. The Fettesian-Lorettonians have at any rate one great distinction in this present age of shortening everything to its smallest dimensions: they have not only always retained their Brobdingnagian title, but no serious attempt has ever been made to find a short substitute for it. The utmost effort generally found is to call them the "Scotch team," and this is sometimes misleading. However, they are not only long, but strong; and after their match at Leicester had been scratched—for obvious reasons—they took on Blackheath and Richmond in succession, and after defeating "the Club" by 13 points to 5, played a draw of 5 points each with the Richmond fifteen. In both these matches the fine art of dribbling was exhibited at its finest by the Fettesian-Lorettonians, and though Williamson played a glorious game at half for Blackheath, he could not save his side from a beating. The match at Richmond was a case of Scotch forwards *v.* English backs, and honours were easy as the result of one of the keenest and best games seen this winter in London.

England v. Australia

Of the eagerly awaited match between England and the touring "Wallabies" played on Saturday at the Rectory Field, an illustration is given; but the play was of too interesting a description to be compressed into a small space, and will be fully dealt with next week.

Where Science Reigns at Monte Carlo

THE PRINCE OF MONACO'S NEW MUSEUM OF OCEANOGRAPHY

Photo THE BUILDING OVERLOOKING THE SEA FROM THE JARDIN ST. MARTIN [*Bolak*

The Prince of Monaco has compelled us to think of Monte Carlo in a light other than that of a mere resort of pleasure. In his new Museum of Oceanography, pleasantly situated in the Jardin St. Martin, he has provided us with an antidote to the delights of Casino and Terrace, upon which he looks with so stern an eye. His new museum, just completed, is replete with spacious laboratories and exhibition rooms, and is full of the most interesting things of all sorts, the results of the Prince's scientific raids upon the treasures of the vasty deep

Racing Notions

by CARBINE.

Photo *Topical Agency*

In the Sale Ring at Gatwick Park

Brisk sport and good attendances marked last week's meeting at Gatwick Park, and among the well-known sportsmen present on Thursday was Marsh, the King's trainer

Cheerful Prospects

An alluring vista of interesting races in the coming season on the flat is opened out by the publication of entries for the big spring handicaps and other important events. All round the entries are strong, and the prospects for 1909 are decidedly cheerful. We can picture the international rivalry likely to arise should Mr. James B. Keene's crack American colts, Ballot and Colin, display on our racecourses the smart form which placed them at the top of the tree in their native land. Our Gallic neighbours, as often before, may make a bold bid for Gold Cup honours, having entered several of their finest stayers. However, I think we shall find that plenty of good fish are left in the sea, and in Your Majesty, Llangwm, Cocksure II., and Pillo we have excellent material for new champions. Then there is that curious mare, Signorinetta. What will she do in 1909? Mr. Croker's Rhodora is another inconsistent animal whose further form will be awaited with interest.

The Spring Handicaps

Spring handicap prospects, of course, cannot fairly be discussed until the weights are published and acceptances made, but the average racing man finds it very interesting to glance through the list of entries. In the Lincolnshire, the name of Kaffir Chief will unfailingly recall his previous good fights in this race, winding up with his unexpected successes last season. Entries standing to the names of Mr. H. P. Whitney and Mr. Belmont speak eloquently of the bad time which has struck the American Turf of late. M. Ephrussi's Monitor reminds us that this French sportsman has already won the Lincolnshire twice, and hopes to repeat the performance. To many people, myself among the number, the name of Desmond's Pride must call sadly to mind some very expensive failures when she was in Mr. Peebles's stable last season. They vowed she couldn't lose the "City," but she was "down the course," and it was the same in the Royal Hunt Cup. Solferino represents the real quality of the race, and in other respects the entry is one of the strongest in recent years. In the City and Suburban we again find that old public favourite, Dean Swift, who has already won the race twice. Mr. J. B. Joel, his owner, has a second string to his bow in Your Majesty, and also in the race is Llangwm, whom many believe to be the best horse of his age. Strongest of all in point of class is the entry for that popular race, the Kempton Jubilee.

This Week's Sport

The most interesting racing of the present week will be seen at Hurst Park, where on Friday **Springbok** may win the Surbiton Steeplechase, and **Balbriggan** is my fancy for the New Year Hurdle Race. On the following day **Sweet Cecil** is my selection for the Middlesex Steeplechase.

Sportsman's Diary for 1909

This small waistcoat-pocket diary should be in the possession of every sportsman. It is bound in Royal red leather, has a patent fastener amongst the most adroit of its kind, and the leaves are gilt-edged. In addition to the daily diary, it contains a lot of useful information which the racing man will appreciate, including a list of Flat and Steeplechase Meetings for 1909, lengths of Newmarket Courses, comparative tables of English and Foreign weights and distances. It also has Mr. Gant's terms of business, than which it can safely be said that no rules ever devised by mortal man can show more fairness and liberality in every way to clients. "No Limit," "No Commission," "No Deductions," are three of their features. Another of Mr. Gant's business methods is that all cheques in payment of clients' winnings are signed in an assumed name so that the nature of the business does not transpire when Mr. Gant's cheques are paid away. It is sent free to all existing and prospective clients upon written application to Mr. D. M. Gant, member of Tattersalls, 25, Conduit Street, London, W.

THE GREAT FURNISHING OPPORTUNITY

NOW PROCEEDING.

A TYPICAL CARPET SALE VALUE.

AXMINSTER (English made).—Fully 10,000 yards are to be sold. We guarantee all these the best British manufacture and designs as illustration, also a good variety of others, including self tones of blue, rose, green, etc. These were made or the 1908 Seasons, and are perfect.

		Usual Price everywhere		Clearing at	
Axminster Carpeting		4/9	per yd.	2/11	per yd.
Axminster Stair Carpeting, 22½ ins. wide		4/6	,,	2/9	,,
,, ,, ,,	27 ins. ,,	4/9	,,	2/11	,,
,, ,, ,,	36 ins. ,,	7/6	,,	5/3	,,

¶ Please write for Sale Catalogue profusely illustrated and so compiled as to enable those who cannot visit our Showrooms to order by post with every confidence.

HAMPTONS

NEXT NATIONAL GALLERY

PALL MALL - LONDON

NOT CONNECTED WITH ANY OTHER FURNISHING HOUSE.

POP-IN-TAW

The Winter Evening Game of Britain and France.

An Excellent Amusement for Evening Parties for any number of players.

ONCE PLAYED, PLAYED OFTEN.

The game is played with four cones, four wooden shovels, and twenty steel balls. To pop the steel balls into the shovels seems easy. Try it!

As a solitaire game, Pop-in-Taw is unrivalled.

TO BE HAD EVERYWHERE.

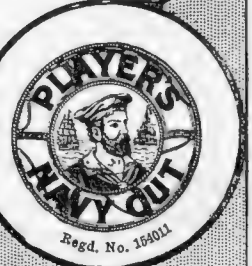
THE PARKER GAMES CO., LTD.,
19, Ivy Lane, London, E.C.

"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking."

Player's

Navy Cut Tobacco and Cigarettes

Sold only in the original Packets and Tins, and may be obtained from all Stores and Tobacconists of repute



0487.

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS.

The Home of a Motorless Motorist: Pickhurst Manor, Kent (Showing the Burnt Wing), where all Mr. Huntley Walker's Cars were Destroyed

Master and Man

There are very few motorists who have not, at one time or another, trangressed the Apostolic injunction regarding the use of strong language when some delinquency on the part of a chauffeur has come under consideration. The race of motor mechanics, as we know it to-day, comprises many hundreds of good men and true, who make excellent servants, and are a credit to themselves and a real comfort to their employers. Such men deserve, and generally receive, the most generous recognition. But there are others, who, although in a minority, are yet sufficiently numerous to occasion much heart-burning among those automobile owners who find the services of a chauffeur a necessary evil. Apart from such minor malpractices as waste, extravagance, and carelessness, there is the reprehensible habit of taking out the car without permission, and for the sole delectation of the driver and his friends. This is a rapidly growing evil, which it is very difficult to check, but perhaps the simplest method is the employment of a distance recorder, from which, if a note be made of mileage run at the conclusion of each journey, and entered in the owner's notebook, a very good idea may be formed of any surreptitious use to which the car may be put.

* * *

A Salutary Lesson

A case recently decided in the Courts affords an interesting illustration of the legal relationship between motor master and man.

USE CARBURINE MOTOR SPIRIT.—For particulars apply to THE G. L. I. COMPANY, LTD., 7, Bishopsgate Street Without, London, E.C. Telegrams: "Carburine, London." Telephone No.: 4452 London Wall.

CONSULT JERMYN STREET MOTOR WORKS and GARAGE if you are thinking of buying or selling a NEW o SECOND-HAND CAR; REPAIRS and CARS for HIRE.—Address, Wells Street, Jermyn Street, S.W. Telephone: 4757 Mayfair.

Photos *Topical Agency*

All That Was Left of Them—(This Debris Was Once Fourteen Up-to-date Cars!)

Mr. Huntley Walker, the well-known motorist, at the recent fire at his residence near Beckenham, not only had a wing of his house gutted, but his fine fleet of fourteen cars was totally destroyed

ALL BRITISH

Straker-Squire CARS

SPECIAL MODEL FOR 1909.

THE 14-16 h.-p. Four Cylinders.

PRICES:
Two-Seater - - - £315 complete
Four-Seater - - - £345 ,,
Light Runabout - - £315 ,,

TRIAL RUNS.
75-77, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE,
LONDON, W.

WE INTEND TO CONFINE OUR WHOLE EFFORTS TO THE ONE MODEL FOR THIS YEAR.

ONE HEALTHY DOG

is worth a whole kennel of unhealthy ones.

MOLASSINE DOG CAKES

will keep dogs in perfect health, with splendid coats and clean skin and free from worms, from which dogs in general suffer so much.

The Cakes contain antiseptic, digestive, and health-giving properties possessed by no other Cakes.

If your Grocer or Corn Merchant does not stock them, write to

THE MOLASSINE COMPANY, Ltd.,
30, Mark Lane, London, E.C.

Have you seen the *Molassine World*? The subscription is only 1/6 per annum.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST,
are offering
SUBSTANTIAL REDUCTIONS
during JANUARY, in

LINENS & DAMASKS — In our own renowned designs, some only lately off the looms. Odd lots of Sheets, Pillow-Cases, Towels, &c,

HANDKERCHIEFS — The Surplus Stock left from our Xmas Trade. For Ladies, Gentlemen, or Children. At TEMPTING PRICES.

SHIRTS & COLLARS — Our well-known qualities and makes at REDUCED PRICES.

LIST OF REDUCTIONS POST FREE.
ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd., Manufacturers to H.M. The King,
44T, Donegall Place, BELFAST.

ARMSTRONG-WHITWORTH

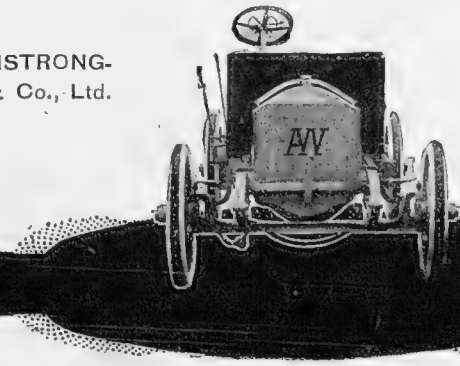
The design of our cars is not of the sensational order.

The material of our cars is selected with the same care, and is subjected to the same severe and searching tests as our other work, which is so well known.

The workmanship is such as has been good enough for the use of every nation.

Combined, these factors produce a car whose every attribute claims the admiration of everybody competent to judge, and we are content to let any Armstrong-Whitworth owner say the rest.

18-22 h.p. £395 chassis, including all tools, spare parts, etc.



SIR W. G. ARMSTRONG-WHITWORTH & Co., Ltd.

ELSWICK WORKS,
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

LONDON DEPOT:
3, Blenheim Street, Bond Street, W.

A driver sued his employer for £17 11*s.* 9*d.*, arrears of wages, and the automobilist counter-claimed for £200 damages sustained by the car at a time when it was being driven without his leave. The man, it transpired, took a "lady" friend for an airing, met with an accident, and the car, which was quite new, had to be returned to the makers for extensive repairs. The driver contended that he was on duty at the time, and that he had the car out for the purpose of testing it on hills, but the Judge, while allowing his claim for wages, gave judgment for £150 in the owner's favour, deciding that the man was out for his own pleasure when the accident occurred. Every motorist should mention this case to his man by way of warning and admonition.

Aeronautic Progress

We in this country do not take kindly to new inventions, and it appears that, as in the case of the motor movement, we shall, in the matter of aerial flight, find ourselves outstripped by our lively neighbours across the Channel. Airships of all types must still be regarded as fair-weather vehicles, but it is interesting to note that some dauntless enthusiasts have continued their experiments during the recent severe climatic conditions, and that on more than one occasion very high winds were successfully negotiated. Meteorological science is of the very first importance to the aeronaut, and in the perhaps not very distant future we may learn much by means of the aeroplane of the conditions obtaining in the upper atmospheric regions of which we are now in ignorance. It is regrettable that our War Lords do not take a keener interest in aeronautics. At Aldershot and Farnborough some desultory trifling with dirigible balloons is supposed to be going on—we hear of an aeroplane being jauntily dragged over the ground, and now and again a *Nulli Secundus* deigns to poise for a few minutes before an admiring crowd of rustics—but we cannot be said to have taken up the question of air flight with any seriousness. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

Miscellanea

Edinburgh Motor Show, which opens on the 22nd inst., is receiving great attention from southern firms. On Stand No. 68, Messrs. Spencer Moulton, Ltd., exhibit their well-known motor-tyres, which represent the very latest production of skill combined with fifty years' experience in the treatment of pure rubber in all its forms.

The Motorists' Diary and Year Book for 1909, published by Messrs. Charles Knight and Co., Ltd., of Tooley Street, London, is a neat and handy little publication, which may be purchased for the small sum of two shillings.

The second number of the *Daimler Bulletin* is to hand, and is a most entertaining and interesting compendium. Mr. Max Pemberton and Mr. Charles Sykes are among the literary and artistic contributors to this little brochure published by the famous Coventry firm.

The Second Annual Dinner of the Northern Section of the Automobile Association will be held at the Midland Hotel, Manchester, on Friday, February 5, 1909, and the Fourth Annual Dinner of the Automobile Association at the Hotel Cecil on March 24, 1909.

The CLAUDEL-HOBSON Carburettor has received the Highest Award Gold Medal from the Automobile Club of France for Carburettor competition.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W., are Sole Concessionnaires.

BURGESS AND HARVEY, LTD., 463, OXFORD STREET, W., AGENTS for all the best makes of MOTOR-CARS; REPAIRS and HIRE. Telegrams: "Whimbur, London." Telephone No.: 7043 Gerrard.

If You Want To Keep

on good terms with the man who smokes cigarettes be sure that what you offer him are beyond reproach. He might be a connoisseur—you never know. If he is, and his particular weakness is Turkish, you can tickle his palate with the famous **"Savoy"** Brand. This brand is made by hand, of pure Turkish tobacco. It is made by Lockyer and Co. and sold by all High-Class Tobacconists everywhere. If YOUR tobacconist does not stock them, do not try some other cigarette but some other tobacconist. **25** for **2**/-, **50** for **4**/-, **100** for **7**/**6**; or send **4**/- for a **50** Trial Box (Post Free) to

LOCKYER & CO.

(Dept. H), 12-14 Bath Street, City Road, LONDON, E.C.

GRAND PRIZE, FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION.

In Four Varieties.

"REGINA,"
"REGINA CREAM,"
"REGINA VIOLET,"
"WHITE REGINA."

"COURT" in Twenty-four Varieties.

To be obtained at all STORES, CHEMISTS, and GROCERS.

This Razor and Seven Blades for **5/-** post free.

The Phenomenal Success OF THE

"CLEMAK"

with its Original Link-Action and Automatic Adjustment, again proves the Superiority of British Workmanship.

Send for our Booklet, or ask your Dealer to show you a "CLEMAK."

"MAKES SHAVING A PLEASURE."

"CLEMAK" RAZOR AND SEVEN BLADES 5/-
"CLEMAK" RAZOR AND TWELVE BLADES 7/6
STANDARD OUTFIT, WITH STROP 10/6

CLEMAK BLADES CAN BE STROPPED & WILL LAST FOR YEARS.

On Sale at all IRONMONGERS, STORES, etc., or Post Free from

THE "CLEMAK" SAFETY RAZOR CO., BILLITER STREET, LONDON, E.C.

BRITISH MAKE CLEMAK Safety Razor WITH SEVEN BLADES 5/-

USE

WREN'S

WATERPROOF BOOT AND SHOE POLISH AND SADDLE AND HARNESS PASTE (Black and Brown).

Awarded THE GRAND PRIX International Exhibition, Bruxelles, 1908.

¶ Just a SMEAR and a RUB produce an instant shine.

¶ Ask for it to-day, of all Bootmakers, Grocers, Stores, Saddlers, &c.

Price 2d., 3d., and 6d. per tin.

Wm. WREN & Co., NORTHAMPTON

London Offices: 207, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.C.

AWARDED GRAND PRIX AT THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION.

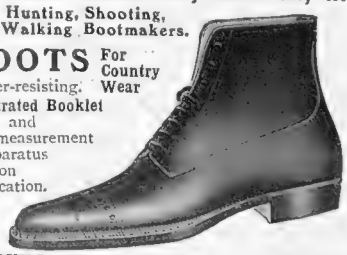
FAULKNER & SON,

52, South Molton St., Bond St., W.

Hunting, Shooting, and Walking Bootmakers.

BOOTS For Country Wear

Water-resisting. Illustrated Booklet and Self-measurement Apparatus on application.



LEGGINGS.—Messrs. F. & S. are now showing the neatest and smartest leggings yet introduced

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

Heering's COPENHAGEN CHERRY BRANDY

Estb. 1818

ASTOUNDING BARGAIN!

DONEGAL TWEEDS and IRISH HOMESPUNS,

in Lengths, or Suit to Measure from 37/6; also Dress Materials.

Patterns Free.

WRAY, DONEGAL.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere. 6d. 1/- 2/6 & 4/6

MASPERO FRÈRES CIGARETTES

realise the Connoisseur's Highest Ideal

The Nilometer

Brand is a Cigarette of mild flavour and delightful aroma

IN THREE SIZES: 8/-, 7/- & 5/- per 100.

MASPERO FRÈRES, LTD. London Office: 86, STRAND.

Beware of Imitations and Falsifications.

CARLSBAD SPRUDEL-SALT

Prepared by the Municipality of CARLSBAD

is the NATURAL and ONLY GENUINE Salt.

FOR DISEASES OF THE LIVER, DIABETES, CONSTIPATION, &c.

Of all Chemists and Drug Stores.

SEE THAT THE WRAPPER ROUND EACH BOTTLE BEARS THE SIGNATURE OF THE SOLE AGENTS:—INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD. LONDON, LIVERPOOL & BRISTOL.

FROCKS · FRILLS & FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

The London Corset Company, 26, New Bond Street

The sale here is already in progress, but that is of small moment, thanks to the level excellence of the goods and the ruling reign of reductions. Positively nothing is spared, from the famed "Tricot" corset to the most incidental trifle of dress, *via* petticoats, lingerie, blouses, evening and afternoon frocks, and tailor-mades. Sales at the London Corset Company are always very popular, but the present affair gives one the impression of beating all previous records.

An Original Design for an Evening Gown

By Dorothy Millar

In that imminent need of the moment, the picturesque little dance dress, there are some extraordinary bargains, ranging in price from three and a half guineas. These are very special features, as also a line of tailor-mades, copies of exclusive French and Viennese models, that will not be repeated—a highly important detail—at four guineas. The coats to these suits are all lined with silk, and are perfectly finished throughout.

Corsets naturally play an important rôle, headed by that not to be rivalled "Tricot," admittedly one of the most successful producers of the slim figure of the hour. This, in its two qualities, has been respectively reduced to £3 15*s.* and £3 7*s.* There is a commencing price, however, of corsets of a more ordinary type at 9*s.* 11*d.*, and it is worth offering the reminder that this Company guarantee the wear of all their corsets, also that goods are sent on approval, satisfactory references being forthcoming.

An Evening Gown Inspired by the Sales

Mrs. Dorothy Millar's original design for an evening gown is particularly opportune at the present moment. The material might be velvet or satin, black or any of the popular neutral shades of mole, grey, or blonde. Approximately, five yards double width should, under deft treatment, construct such a sheath-fitting skirt as this for an average figure. The garniture, which it is understood is repeated at the back, could be lowered to meet the individual needs and the requirements of this *jupe*, while the tucker, also an adjustable detail—as regards depth—and the sleeves are of tulle. Should the garniture, as is most probable, be of old silver or gold, or perchance a mingling of the two, a scrap of gold or silver tissue could be utilised with admirable effect beneath the tulle sleeves.

Nor are my potential bargains finished yet. The scarf pictured offers a use for a short length, say two yards of ninon, chiffon, or even *crêpe de Chine*, eked out by a border of *chêne* ribbon, an odd piece picked up at half its original value, set on with a finger-depth of mock ermine, and concluding in a deep knotted chenille fringe.

A Great Opportunity at Hamptons, Pall Mall

It is by no means necessary to be a faddist in furniture to appreciate this annual clearance at Hamptons. The stern folk who merely use furniture and its various drapery appurtenances in response to conventional requirements, fly to Hamptons at sale time, secure in the confidence that they can replenish their depleted

The Bystander, January 13, 1909

THE BYSTANDER ILLUSTRATED

No. 267.—Vol. XXI. Wednesday, January 13, 1909 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Telephone: ESTATE AGENTS **HAMPTON & SONS** AUCTIONEERS 37 GERRARD. VALUERS

KENT COAST.

A very choice little Property.
FULL OF OLD OAK.
In excellent order throughout.
FOR SALE, WITH 2 or 3 ACRES.
UNIQUE XIVth CENTURY RESIDENCE, enjoying uninterrupted views of the sea, from which it is only 5 minutes.
FINE OAK-PANELLED LOUNGE HALL.
open to the roof, capital dining and drawing rooms, morning room, handsome principal staircase, 5 bedrooms.
Fitted bathroom. Company's water and gas. National Telephone. Stabling and cottage, with useful outbuildings, fine old timbered and thatched barn. Grounds of 3 acres, excellent kitchen garden, tennis and other lawns.—Full particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, where other photos may be seen.

Under an hour by G.W. Ry. expresses.

OLD MANOR HOUSE AND 20 ACRES.
READING (near).—Attractive RESIDENCE, in high situation, with beautifully timbered grounds and meadows of 20 acres; carriage drive approach.
LARGE HALL, BILLIARD ROOM,
4 handsome reception rooms, fitted bath, 11 bed and dressing rooms, complete offices. Spacious modern stabling and cottage. Small farmery with cottage.
HUNTING, POLO, GOLF.
Low price for quick sale.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

30 Minutes North of Town.

CLOSE TO WELL-KNOWN GOLF COURSE.
HERTS.—To be LET or SOLD, modern HOUSE, on gravel soil, splendidly situate
350FT. ABOVE SEA. SOUTH ASPECT.
Gardens of about 2 acres. Lofty hall, 3 reception, 7 or 8 bed, bathroom, good offices, cycle house. Company's water and main drains. — Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

GOOD HUNTING

UNDER AN HOUR NORTH OF TOWN.—Well Furnished for the Winter, possibly longer, a very fine HOUSE with large rooms, gallery hall, and staircase. 300ft. above sea level. Fine open views for many miles. 4 reception rooms, 12 bed, bath, large conservatory, offices with servants' hall. Stabling for 7. Well-timbered
PARKLIKE GROUNDS AND MEADOW-LAND
of over 20 acres. Modern sanitation. Servants, motor, and pony and trap could be left as owner gone abroad.
VERY MODERATE RENT.
— Inspected and strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

12 MILES NORTH OF TOWN.

£2,950, WITH 1¼ ACRES.
HERTS — For SALE, or to LET, unique RESIDENCE, in a high situation, 1¼ miles from an important junction.
WELL-KNOWN GOLF CLUB NEAR.
Well-stocked gardens and woodland of over 2 acres. 3 or 4 reception rooms, good hall, 10 or 11 bed and dressing rooms, bath, etc. Motor-house or stables by arrangement. Hunting in the district. The House was erected under the special supervision of owner. Terms very moderate and according to amount of ground required.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W., who have series of interior photographs.

ILLUSTRATED LIST
OF
COUNTRY ESTATES, RESIDENCES, AND SPORTINGS
For SALE and to be LET, published in three parts, post free, three stamps each, viz.:—
I. Landed Estates.
II. Unfurnished Houses for Sale or Letting.
III. Furnished Houses and Shootings.
Estate Offices, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

CONVENIENT FOR YACHTING AND GOLF.

RENT ONLY £125 PER ANNUM.
SUFFOLK (IN A MOST FAVOURITE PART, near an interesting old town).—Unfurnished, this charming COUNTRY RESIDENCE, situate in well-timbered grounds of about 2½ acres.
Dining room (24ft. 8in. by 16ft. 4in.). library (20ft. by 15ft. 8in.), drawing room (21ft. 5in. by 16ft. 9in.).
BILLIARD ROOM (21ft. 5in. by 16ft. 9in.).
9 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, excellent offices. Stabling for 4, coach-house, harness room. Cottage for man. Tennis and croquet lawns, flower and kitchen gardens, shrubberies. Easy reach of church, post, and main line station.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

NEAR ASHDOWN FOREST.

ONE HOUR FROM TOWN.
£180 **OR £155 P.A.**—For SALE or to LET, Unfurnished, Delightful RESIDENCE, commanding most beautiful views, and occupying
One of the picked positions of the South of England.
The House is situated on a ridge, between 400ft. and 500ft. above sea level, and is
APPROACHED BY A LONG CARRIAGE DRIVE.
Hall, 4 large reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, fitted bath, and very complete offices. Excellent stabling for 4, 3 cottages, and outbuildings.
Acetylene Gas. Gravel Soil.
THE INEXPENSIVE GROUNDS
comprise tennis and other lawns, pretty rustic bridge over a ravine, extensive woodland walks, walled kitchen garden, and meadow-land, in all
ABOUT 29 ACRES,
the whole forming an ideal Country Residence, amidst the most perfect surroundings. — Cannot be too strongly recommended by the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W

Offices: 2 & 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

500FT. ABOVE THE SEA.

40 MINUTES OF TOWN.—To be SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a very choice position, commanding magnificent views. It is approached by a long winding carriage drive, with lodge at entrance, and contains: spacious hall, billiard room, 3 reception rooms and conservatory, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; capital detached stabling for 4, harness room, coach and motor-houses, and 2 men's rooms; delightful pleasure grounds, ornamental lawns, herbaceous borders, 2 good tennis lawns walled fruit and kitchen garden, 2 paddocks, in all about 13 acres; near excellent golf courses.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W., who have inspected. (2,902)

IMPROVED FARMHOUSE AND 17 ACRES.
LEICESTERSHIRE. FIRST-RATE HUNTING.

£1,750, FREEHOLD. — The above substantial old HOUSE, with pleasure grounds and paddocks, etc., in all 17 acres.

3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms; stabling for 4 horses; beamed ceilings; gas laid on; farm-buildings.

—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W.

25 MILES FROM LONDON. 40 MINUTES BY RAIL.

RENOVATED HENRY VIII. MANOR HOUSE.
GENTLEMAN'S FARM OF 120 ACRES.

£5,500 WILL PURCHASE this attractive little ESTATE. The House dates back 400 years, and has

OAK FLOORS AND BEAMED CEILINGS.

3 reception rooms, billiard room, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 2 boxrooms; model farm-buildings in faultless order; 60 acres old pasture, 55 acres arable; soil, loam on gravel.—Inspected and highly recommended by KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,133)

TO GOLFERS PARTICULARLY.
HERTS AND BUCKS BORDERS.
350FT. HIGH
G.C.R., 35 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

CLOSE TO GOLF LINKS. — The above old-fashioned ivy-clad RESIDENCE, situated in fine open country, a drive from Amersham, Kickmansworth, and Chenies, to be SOLD. Accommodation: sitting hall (30ft. wide), 4 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling for 7; old grounds of 6 acres, with tennis and croquet lawns, etc; Company's water; modern drainage.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (4,134)

THE CONDUIT STREET AUCTION GALLERIES.

The attention of Executors, Trustees, Solicitors, and Owners who may be desirous of selling family jewels, old silver, furniture, pictures, prints, miniatures, china, coins, books, old lace, furs, musical instruments, guns, and other valuables, is drawn to

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY'S AUCTION GALLERIES, 9, CONDUIT STREET, and 23a, MADDOX STREET, W., which are OPEN DAILY to receive GOODS intended for early SALES. Valuations are prepared for fire insurance, estate duty, and all other purposes. Policy-owners are reminded that a signed inventory by Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY greatly facilitates settlement with insurance companies after a fire.

1,400 ACRES. 1½ HOURS FROM TOWN.

TO BE SOLD, a picturesque and well-wooded ESTATE on high ground and dry soil and including part of a village. The Property is in a ring fence and in a favourite district, with good sporting. The House stands in a prettily timbered park, and is approached by a long carriage-drive with lodge at entrance. It contains: beautiful old oak panelled hall, 4 reception rooms, 17 bed and dressing rooms; stabling for 10. Might be Let, or possibly divided.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,050)

SUSSEX (just outside a pretty village on the Surrey borders).—To be LET or SOLD, the above substantially erected RESIDENCE, nearly covered in creepers. It stands in 4½ acres, and contains: fine billiard room (33ft. by 24ft.), 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual offices; stabling for 2, and useful outbuildings.

The pretty old grounds include 2 good tennis lawns, flower borders, small orchard, fruit and kitchen gardens, small paddock, etc.; a large meadow in front can be rented if desired.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,112)

BETWEEN HASLEMERE AND MIDHURST,
400FT. HIGH.
WITH OR WITHOUT 1,370 ACRES OF SHOOTING.

TO BE SOLD OR LET, a pretty old HOUSE, enlarged and modernised, commanding magnificent views, and approached by private drive ½ mile long: lounge hall (26ft. by 23ft.), dining room, drawing room, billiard room, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.: stabling for 4, motor-house, etc.; shooting over 1,370 acres, with excellent coverts.—Particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,838)

500FT. ABOVE THE SEA, ON GRAVEL SOIL.

SUSSEX (standing on the summit of a hill, commanding splendid views in every direction, and within easy reach of the famous Ashdown Forest).—To be SOLD, a modernised COTTAGE RESIDENCE, fitted with every convenience, including the electric light. Accommodation: lounge hall (10ft. by 17ft.), 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual offices; the House is heated by hot water, Company's water is laid on, modern sanitation; stabling for 3; gardener's cottage; beautifully timbered gardens, ornamental lakes, summer-house, well-stocked kitchen garden, and over 20 acres of excellent pasture.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (4,147)

500FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

AN HOUR OF TOWN.—To be SOLD, an attractive FREEHOLD PROPERTY of 150 acres comprising undulating pasture and woodlands in a ring fence. The commodious Family Residence contains: 3 reception, billiard, and 14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 5 2 lodges, cottages, etc.

MODEL FARM-BUILDINGS AND DAIRY.

Electric light is installed.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,768)

ABOUT 450FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

SUSSEX (in a healthy and picturesque locality).—To be SOLD, the above attractive RESIDENCE, occupying a high yet sheltered position and approached by carriage drive, with picturesque lodge at entrance. Accommodation: lounge hall, 3 reception, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual offices, including servants' hall; stabling for 4, and good men's rooms. The grounds extend to about 6 acres, and include tennis and croquet lawns, and additional land can be had; soil, loam on sandy rock; good supply of water; modern sanitation.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (783)

A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE.

KENT AND SUSSEX BORDERS.—To be SOLD, the above charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, enjoying a high situation, about 100 yds. from the road, and approached by winding carriage drive, with lodge entrance. Accommodation: 4 reception, 11 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual offices; stabling for 3, garage, and man's accommodation; the lovely old grounds are well timbered, and include tennis lawn, rose walks, flower and kitchen garden, orchard, woodland, pasture, in all about 35 acres.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,059)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY

Offices: 9 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

EAST GRINSTEAD (near).—£2,900 will PURCHASE the above capital COUNTRY HOUSE, with stabling for 3; 4-roomed cottage; pretty pleasure gardens; well-stocked kitchen garden, and glasshouses: occupies a high situation; South aspect; lovely views; 7 bedrooms, dressing room, bath (h. and c.), 3 sitting rooms, lounge hall with fireplace; 12 minutes from station; easy reach of Ashdown Forest golf links.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,205)

GENTLEMAN'S RESIDENCE.
MODEL FARM.

500FT. ABOVE SEA, in very pretty rural district, 25 miles from London.—This extremely comfortable, old-fashioned HOUSE; electric light; modernised; approached by long drive, with lodge, and containing: 14 bed, 4 large reception rooms; excellent stabling and men's quarters; very prettily arranged gardens and lawns, woodlands with charming walks, orchards, and meadows, 155 acres in all; model farmery of excellent design, and giving very ample and first-class accommodation for pedigree and dairy farms. To be SOLD; worth the money.—Recommended from inspection by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,936)

FIRST-RATE HOUSE.

BETWEEN BRIGHTON and LONDON, on high ground, with extensive views over the Weald.—To be SOLD (or would LET), ESTATE of 117 acres or RESIDENCE and ground without the land. House is approached by drive with lodge, and contains: 11 bedrooms, bath, 4 reception rooms; stabling for 6; excellent lawns and gardens.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (21,343)

DORKING (close to Boxhill).—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, the above charming old-fashioned HOUSE, well away from motor dust, approached by private road; lovely and well-timbered grounds of 2 acres, fruit and vegetable gardens, glasshouses; 2 cottages; 7 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 good reception rooms, conservatory, and offices; stabling for 3 horses; gas and water; modern drainage. Moderate price.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,893)

ILLUSTRATED
COUNTRY REGISTERS
FREE ON APPLICATION.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

HINDHEAD DISTRICT (very beautiful rural situation, well away from building development).—DELIGHTFUL LITTLE HOUSE OF BIJOU CHARACTER, standing high on sand rock, amidst extensive gorse and bracken-covered land and inexpensive grounds; admirably suited as week-end or permanent residence; 3 reception rooms, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; small stabling; trout fishing on the property.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,243)

400ft. UP. 77 ACRES.

KENT (1¼ hours from Town, in lovely rural country), very comfortable HOUSE amid well-timbered park-lands, and containing: 4 large reception rooms, bath, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 1 large enough billiard room; good stabling; very pretty but inexpensive gardens, woodland, lake, 3 acres; light soil; Company's water available; excellent farm-buildings, and more land available. Price £6,000.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,928)

BUCKS (550ft. above sea, on the Chilterns; perfectly rural and good hunting district, ¾ hour by rail from London).—Medium-sized COUNTRY HOUSE (see view above) and 13 acres for SALE, all in first-class order, and commanding magnificent views; stabling for 8 horses; cottages; pretty, well-timbered pleasure grounds, kitchen garden, and meadow-land; modern drainage; water laid on. Close to golf. Price, £4,300.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,238)

WHADDON CHASE, BICESTER, GRAFTON, AND LORD ROTHSCHILD'S.

TO BACHELORS SEEKING GOOD HUNTING QUARTERS AT A NOMINAL PRICE.—£1,100 WILL PURCHASE a CAPITAL BIJOU HOUSE, containing: 6 BEDROOMS BATHROOM (h. and c.), 2 reception rooms, capital offices; outbuildings, 9 LOOSE BOXES, 1 stall, coach-house, etc.; 2 MILES FROM BUCKINGHAM, 8 MINUTES FROM STATION.—Inspected by WALTON and LEE. 10, Mount St., W. (23,262)

SEVENOAKS (near; lovely district).—£3,200 WILL PURCHASE a charming RESIDENCE, standing on HIGH GROUND, with FINE VIEWS and SOUTH ASPECT: 3 reception rooms, 12 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, bathroom, and offices; excellent stabling, coach or motor-house, etc.; LOVELY GROUNDS, rose gardens, kitchen garden, etc.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,250)

12 ACRES. 12 BED. ELECTRIC LIGHT

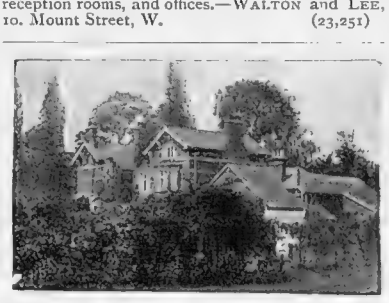
70 MINUTES FROM TOWN (1½ miles' express station).—This modern RESIDENCE, occupying secluded position, and containing: large square hall, 4 reception rooms, conservatory, 10 bed, 2 dressing, 2 bathrooms; stabling, coach-house, and rooms over; 2 full-sized tennis and 1 croquet lawn, orchard, garden, and paddocks. To be SOLD.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,923)

MAGNIFICENT VIEWS.

DEVONSHIRE (near old-fashioned town, in lovely district).—£1,700 will PURCHASE the above charming HOUSE, with stabling and grounds of 3 acres: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 4 reception rooms; ½ mile from station.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,236)

£2,400 WILL PURCHASE Bijou COUNTRY HOUSE and 30 ACRES, in a pretty part of Sussex, a little over an hour from Town: 6 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms; gardens, orchard, 2 conservatories; cottage and outbuildings; 2½ miles from station.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,951)

£1,400 WILL BUY a small, old-fashioned Yachting RESIDENCE on the river Crouch, 40 minutes from London; fairly high situation; 1½ miles from station; 12 acres good old meadow-land, pleasure and kitchen gardens, tennis lawn; 5 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms, and offices.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,251)



ESHER AND OXSHOTT DISTRICT (on outskirts of pretty village in this favourite neighbourhood, 5 minutes' walk from golf links).—For SALE, at a reduced price, the above capital COUNTRY HOUSE, standing in beautiful grounds of about 5 acres; tennis and croquet lawns, orchard and paddock; stabling for 3 horses, and coachman's rooms; 10 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 good reception rooms, and offices; 10 minutes' walk from station. More land can be had. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (20,502)

Telegrams: "Everything, London" **HARRODS (LTD.)** Telephone: Kensington 3300 (60 lines)

ESTATE AGENTS **BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.** **AUCTIONEERS**

45 MINUTES OF LONDON (G. W. Ry. main line).—To be SOLD, up-to-date well-built RESIDENCE, in well-timbered grounds 1½ acres, tennis lawn, excellent kitchen garden: 4 reception, 8 bed and dressing, bathroom; stabling, motor-house; electric light; main water and drainage.—Inspected and strongly recommended by Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

£1,200.—L. AND S.W. RY. (35 minutes main line of London).—Exceedingly pretty little RESIDENCE, within 5 minutes of station: hall, 2 reception, 5 bed and dressing, bathroom; charming grounds with lawns, flower and kitchen garden; gravel soil. Inspected, strongly recommended.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

UNDER 50 MINUTES TOWN.

SHOOTING OVER 700 ACRES, affording excellent sport, good coverts, about 1 mile from station. Available February 1 next.—Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (4,021)

PRICE ONLY £4,250.

BANKS OF THE THAMES (within 30 minutes motor ride of Hyde Park Corner).—The above exceptionally attractive RESIDENCE, in perfect order, approached by long carriage drive; pretty grounds of 2½ acres. LONG RIVER FRONTAGE, boat-house, landing stage, etc.: lounge hall, 4 reception, 10 bed and dressing, bathroom; stabling for 3; cottage. Inspected, strongly recommended.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

At a Bargain Price owing to Death.

FORTHCOMING SALES BY AUCTION.

On Tuesday, February 9, 1909.

HARRODS (Ltd.) will OFFER, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., at 2 o'clock, the following:—

BICKLEY.—An attractive and well-arranged FAMILY RESIDENCE, with stabling and gardens of nearly 2 acres: 5 bedrooms, bath-dressing room, 3 good reception rooms. Main modern drainage, gravel soil. Long Leasehold at £36 5s. Ground Rent.

Solicitor, J. C. ROW, Esq., 14, Gray's Inn Square, W.C.

RYDE (Isle of Wight), overlooking the Solent, very central for the town, but quite retired.—The commodious MARINE RESIDENCE, "Moray House": 11 bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms; excellent stabling, cottage, etc.; flower and kitchen gardens and glasshouses. Term, 999 years from 1848, at £38 15s. Ground Rent.

Solicitors, Messrs. NISBET, DAW and NISBET, 35, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

ENNISMORE GARDENS (No. 11).—One of the best HOUSES to be SOLD at a low Reserve. Accommodation comprises: 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 5 reception rooms, and good offices; garage for 2 cars; electric light; drainage recently overhauled; stone staircase. Lease, 47½ years. Ground Rent, £125 p.a.

Solicitors, Messrs. PAYNE, SHAW, MACKENZIE and LAKE, 10, New Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.

On Friday, March 26, 1909.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

Disposal of the London Properties of the late Miss A. F. LOMBARDE DE LA COUR.

Tolmers Square, 2, 9, and 14	Let to Weekly Tenants at Substantial Rentals, and in good order and repair. An opportunity to Small Investors.
Warren Street, 20, 21, and 22	
Fitzroy Street, 56	
Howland Street, 9	
Devonshire Street, 33	
Pitt Street, 16	
Millman Street, 30	
Great Ormonde Street, 41	

Solicitors, Messrs. J. C. and A. BLAKE, 27, Marlborough Street, Cork.

Full details at the Auctioneers' Offices, Brompton Road, S.W.

Further important Sales will be held and Properties can be included at small cost.

BERKSHIRE DOWNS.—To be SOLD, by order of Executors, at one third of cost, exceedingly choice PROPERTY: 3 reception, billiard, 15 bed and dressing, bathrooms; stabling for 20-30; farmery, motor-house; several cottages; over 100 acres; electric light; especially adapted for a training establishment or stud farm.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

To Racing Men and Others. Inspected and Recommended.

MIDLAND COUNTIES.—Valuable ESTATE of several hundred ACRES, with handsome Residence; 25-30 bedrooms, billiard room, suite of reception rooms; well-timbered park and grounds; first-rate stabling; several cottages and lodges; hunting six days a week; good shooting and fishing.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

NOTED COUNTRY SEAT FOR SALE.

CENTRE OF WHADDON CHASE.

VALE OF AYLESBURY (1 mile from station).—This picturesque RESIDENCE, in well-timbered grounds: 9 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; grassland, 7 acres or more; capital stabling and model farmery. Well furnished for Winter or longer. Possibly Unfurnished.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 1,03[illegible])

SURREY HILLS (500ft. above sea level).—To be SOLD, at low price, well-built up-to-date RESIDENCE: 3 good reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling or motor-house; pretty grounds, 1½ acres; lovely views. Price, £2,600. Inspected and strongly recommended.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

WANTED TO PURCHASE (possession February or March), within 1½ hours South of London—Sussex or Hants preferred, fairly high situation and dry soil essential—a good HOUSE, containing 10 or 12 bedrooms, stabling, and about 10 acres, including good paddock; an old house preferred, but a modern one not objected to if grounds well timbered.—Particulars to B.Q., Box K 5,271, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

AN HOUR OF LONDON.

£1,500 WILL PURCHASE a picturesque old-fashioned COTTAGE, standing on gravel soil, 400ft. above the sea: lounge hall, 3 reception, 5 bedrooms; could easily be enlarged; stabling for 2; nicely timbered old grounds of an acre; more land could be purchased if desired.—Particulars of H., c/o Box K 7,211, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

KENT AND SURREY BORDERS.

£3,250 WILL PURCHASE a picturesque old-fashioned COTTAGE RESIDENCE and about 50 acres. The Property is situate on high ground, and commands lovely views of the Surrey Hills. It is 2 miles of a station, whence London can be reached in an hour; 2 reception, 8 bedrooms, and usual domestic offices; stabling and cottage; matured garden, orchards, and pasture-land, in all about 50 acres.—Further particulars of Box K 3,912, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

SUSSEX (beautifully placed, overlooking Ashdown Forest, commanding lovely views).—To be SOLD, a FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, approached by carriage-drive, with lodge entrance, enjoying South aspect, and nicely sheltered from the North and East. Accommodation: outer hall, opening to sitting room hall, 3 large reception, 12 bedrooms, bathroom, etc., and usual domestic offices, including servants' hall; capital stabling; the grounds extend to about 45 acres, and include pleasure and kitchen garden, pretty woodland walks, and good grass and arable land; capital range of modern farm-buildings; hunting, golf, fishing, and rough shooting.—Further particulars of P. B., Box 4,149, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

WANTED, a FARMHOUSE of the Queen Anne or Georgian period, with a little land (about 12 to 20 acres), within 5 miles of a good station, South of London or Bucks preferred; photo if possible.—"R. D.," care of Box KF 5,096, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

A GREAT SACRIFICE (35 minutes from Town).—A charming little HOUSE, with 3 reception and 7 bedrooms, in well-matured grounds of 1½ acres, with tennis lawn, etc.; stabling for 2 horses, with coach-house and outbuildings; will be Sold considerably below cost.—Apply, Box K 4,061, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, FOR THE WINTER, about 16 miles north of London, quite in the country, a warm, comfortable HOUSE, on gravel soil, occupying a bright situation on high ground. Accommodation: 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 14 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; good stabling; a moderate rent will be accepted from a good tenant.—Box KF 743, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

IN A PRETTY PART OF SUSSEX.

£3,750 WITH 26 ACRES.—A great bargain; the HOUSE is old-fashioned, but in excellent order, and contains: 10 bedrooms, bathroom, and 3 reception rooms; stabling for 3 horses; ½ mile from station.—Full particulars on application to Box K 4,082, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

WANTED TO PURCHASE IN LEATHERHEAD DISTRICT.—RESIDENCE containing: 3 reception rooms, 8-10 bedrooms, etc.; stabling or good garage; matured grounds of about 3 acres. It is imperative that the House stands high, on gravel soil, and is quite secluded.—Send photos to C. H., c/o Box K 5,279, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

KENT (in a beautiful part, 1 hour's train journey of London, and easily accessible to all parts of the county).—To be SOLD, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing in a nicely timbered park, and commanding picturesque views: 4 reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; also servants' hall and housekeeper's room; good stabling; delightful old gardens, shady walks, tennis lawns, walled kitchen garden, etc.—Particulars of A., c/o Box K 4,129, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

HUNTING MANSION FOR SALE.
THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE JOHN WATSON.

THIS MAGNIFICENT RESIDENCE, known as "Bective," near Navan, Ireland, occupied by the late Mr. John Watson, for many years Master of the Meath Foxhounds, is now to be SOLD. The Mansion House, overlooking the River Boyne, stands in the centre of beautifully timbered grounds, and is approached by a long carriage drive, with lodge at entrance; there is also very extensive modern stabling for 80 horses, farm-buildings, foxhound kennels, and cottages for large staff of men; riding school, coach-house, motor-house, asphalt floor, and large range of loose boxes. The Mansion is in splendid order, and contains: 4 sitting rooms, 11 bedrooms, 3 dressing rooms, 7 servants' rooms, 2 bathrooms (hot and cold water), w.c.'s, men's rooms, dormitories, etc.; excellent water supply; acetylene light installation of latest type; sanitary arrangements in perfect condition. The lands contain about 170 acres, of which 115 acres is good grazing land; there is an excellent garden, and the House is surrounded by well-laid-out pleasure grounds, all beautifully situated on the banks of the Boyne; the lands are well planted, and there is some shooting, while the river supplies plenty of salmon and trout fishing. Bective Railway Station is within 1 mile of the House, which is situate right in the centre of the Meath hunting country, and within easy reach of the Kildare Hounds. The Property is held in Fee Simple. Immediate possession can be given.—Apply, E. WHITE, 16, Molesworth St., Dublin.

TINS 1/1½

KEATING'S LOZENGES

CURE THE WORST COUGH

Telephones: VICTORIA, 2560 & 2561

F. J. RONALD,

Telegrams: "DECIDABLE. LONDON."

AUCTIONEER and ESTATE AGENT. 72, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W. SURVEYOR, VALUER.

FREEHOLD ESTATE OF ABOUT 644 ACRES.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—To be SOLD, a valuable FREEHOLD ESTATE, lying in a ring fence, and containing about

644 ACRES

of excellent arable, pasture, and woodlands, well farmed and in a good state of cultivation, together with a capital modern Residence (as above depicted).

3 CONVENIENT AND WELL-ARRANGED FARM PREMISES AND HOMESTEADS, 2 FARMHOUSES WITH GARDENS, AND 2 COTTAGES.

The Estate stands at a good elevation, and the premises generally are in substantial repair.

Good hunting district.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.

A UNIQUE MANORIAL SPORTING ESTATE.

WESTERN COUNTIES.—For SALE, an exceptionally fine RESIDENCE and SPORTING ESTATE of about

1,779 ACRES,

including the above imposing early English Manor House, splendidly situated, 750ft. above sea level, and approached by a finely timbered drive. Briefly, the accommodation comprises: 5 reception rooms, billiard room, 19 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms, etc.; the stabling includes 2 stalls, 3 loose boxes, carriage house, and 5-roomed coachman's house; the grounds are beautifully laid out, and include a series of lakes, well stocked with trout; excellent shooting.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

FOR SALE AT £1,750 FREEHOLD.

AN OLD-FASHIONED TIMBERED CEILING FARMHOUSE,

within 1 mile of a station on the G.C.R., standing about 800ft. above sea level, with S.W. aspect.

Accommodation: 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 staircases, usual domestic offices; extensive outbuildings, including stabling for 4 horses. The grounds extend to

17 ACRES,

comprising lawns, rose garden, kitchen garden, paddock, and 2 meadows. Immediate possession.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U1,283)

SURROUNDED BY A RICH AND VARIED LANDSCAPE.

STAFFORDSHIRE (within 2 miles of a station).

TO BE SOLD, or might be LET Unfurnished, this very attractive and beautifully situated FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, occupying a high and bracing position some 420ft. above sea level, and commanding some of the most lovely pastoral views to be found in the Midland counties.

The accommodation comprises: oak-panelled hall with galleried staircase, 3 lofty reception rooms, perfectly lighted billiard room, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), studio, darkroom, etc.; stabling for 6 horses, coach-house, harness rooms, coachman's cottage, etc.; the pleasure grounds are tastefully laid out and embrace a total area of about

3¾ ACRES.

Terms upon application to F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,292)

RURAL HOME, 40 MINUTES OF THE CITY.

HERTS (within ½ mile of a station).—This charming old COUNTRY COTTAGE to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished. The House, which stands in old-world grounds of about

3 ACRES,

on gravel soil, has recently been redecorated, is well furnished, and contains: 3 reception rooms, conservatory, 5 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom (h. and c.).

Stabling accommodation for 2 horses; coach-house and other buildings; golf links within 1½ miles.

To be LET, Furnished, until March, 1909, after which time it is to Let, Unfurnished, at £76 p.a.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,294)

IN THE BEAUTIFUL ARUNDEL DISTRICT.

TO BE LET, Furnished, or possibly Unfurnished, the above charming RESIDENCE, fitted with all modern comforts, and standing in grounds of

2 ACRES.

Contains: hall, with lavatory and cloakroom, dining room with French windows to lawn,

FULL-SIZED BILLIARD ROOM,

drawing room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; gas and main water; stabling; tennis and croquet lawns, pretty garden and meadow; sea and golf links near.

Rent, only 5 gns. weekly for Winter months.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (S 833)

RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF 205 ACRES.

ISLE OF WIGHT

(in the midst of good shooting and hunting).

For SALE, a FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of 205 ACRES, with the above fine old historical Jacobean Manor House, occupying an enviable position 200ft. above sea level.

The House contains: oak-panelled halls, drawing room entirely panelled in oak and lighted by 6 windows, oak-panelled and beamed ceiling dining room with dog grate, study, complete domestic offices, 9 principal bed-dressing rooms, 5 servants' bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.); modern sanitation; telephone installation; excellent range of stabling; the old-fashioned grounds of about 22 acres are inexpensive to maintain; 2 cottages and pair of model villas; the farm (at present let off) has a good modern homestead, 3 cottages, and excellent farm-buildings.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,285)

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

THIS BEAUTIFUL OLD HISTORICAL TUDOR MANSION is now available, Furnished. It stands in a grandly timbered park in a favourite part of Surrey, and contains: banqueting hall with musicians' gallery, 5 reception rooms, billiard room, some 25 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling accommodation for 10 horses, coach-house, garage for 3 cars; 2 cottages, 3 lodges, etc.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (S 662)

WITH 5, 14 OR 34 ACRES.

SUSSEX (within 1½ miles of a station).—For SALE, this Freehold modern RESIDENCE, standing high amidst undulating country, and containing: hall, conservatory, drawing room (22ft. by 14ft.), dining room, morning room, excellent offices, 6 bedrooms and dressing room, and 1 large room suitable for billiard room, bathroom (h. and c.); range of stabling with accommodation for 2 horses, coach-house, etc. The grounds are well stocked with well-grown shrubs, etc., and include croquet and tennis lawns, summer-house, etc.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.

FOR WINTER MONTHS IN A SUNNY CLIME.

DEVON (near Torquay, standing on high ground in a sunny position, with beautiful land and seascape views).—To be LET, Furnished, the above commodious and quaint old HOUSE, containing: 3 large reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.); modern drainage; main water supply; large and well-stocked garden.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (W 3,025)

JAS. SHOOLBRED & CO.

Tottenham House.

STOCKTAKING SALE

THREE DAYS ONLY.

MONDAY, TUESDAY, and WEDNESDAY,

JANUARY 18th, 19th, and 20th.

JAS. SHOOLBRED & CO.

Tottenham Court Road.

P&O Pleasure Cruises 1909

By the Company's well-known S.Y. **"VECTIS"**
from MARSEILLES.
(Rail and Steamship connections from LONDON.)

No. 1.—February 18 to March 17.
GREECE, SYRIA, PALESTINE, EGYPT.

No. 2.—March 20 to April 16.
CONSTANTINOPLE, GREECE, SICILY.

No. 3.—April 22 to May 20.
DALMATIA, VENICE, CORFU, SICILY.
Fares for Cruises 1, 2 or 3, from 30 Guineas.

No. 4.—May 21 to June 12.
NAPLES, SICILY, ALGIERS, SPAIN, &c.
Fares from 20 Guineas.

By the twin-screw S.S. **"MALWA"** 11,000 Tons 15,000 H.P.
(One of the Company's eight new Steamers of the "M" Class.)

A.—May 20 to June 12.
LONDON to GIBRALTAR, TANGIER, TENERIFFE, LAS PALMAS, MADEIRA; the AZORES, LISBON, PLYMOUTH, and LONDON.

B.—July 8 to July 29.
LONDON and LEITH to the NORWEGIAN FJORDS, CHRISTIANIA, GOTHENBURG, STOCKHOLM, COPENHAGEN, and AMSTERDAM (Ymuiden).

C.—August 7 to August 30.
LONDON to HOLLAND, NORWAY, STOCKHOLM, COPENHAGEN, and CRONSTADT (for St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Helsingfors).
Fares for Cruises A, B, or C, from 20 Guineas.

For Passage, Illustrated Programme, or information as to General Passage Rates to EGYPT, INDIA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, &c., apply to the Local Agents, or at the Company's Chief Offices—
NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, W.C., or 122, LEADENHALL STREET, E.C., LONDON.

P&O ROUND the WORLD TOURS

THE
"THERMOS" TABLE JUG
A New Application of the "THERMOS" Patent.
THE NOVELTY OF THE SEASON.

NICKEL-PLATED
Price
31/6
ORDER ONE TO-DAY.

NICKEL-PLATED
Price
31/6
ON SALE EVERY-WHERE.

THE "THERMOS" TABLE JUG KEEPS LIQUIDS HOT 6 TO 8 HOURS, AND WITH A CORK, 24 HOURS.
Simply fill the Jug, and the contents will be at the same temperature and ready for use at almost any hour.
No household should be without this valuable and most useful addition to home comforts.
Beware of Worthless Imitations.
Infringers of "Thermos" Patents are being prosecuted.
Wholesale only from
A. E. GUTMANN & CO.,
8, Long Lane, London, E.C.
R.A. & Co.

Madame Robert

25. Dover Street. W

The hand that washes Baby rules his health; put a cake of Wright's Coal Tar Soap into that hand.
4d. per Tablet.
THE Nursery Soap.

ADAIR
GANESH PREPARATIONS
(REGISTERED), 'Phone: 3782 Gerrard.
92, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.
5, RUE CAMBON, PARIS; and NEW YORK.
Patronised by Royalty and Medical Profession.

NEW STRAPPING MUSCLE TREATMENT with the Ganesh Eastern Oil absolutely removes lines, and fills out hollows by bracing the relaxed muscles and feeding the tissues. The eyelids can be treated and lines removed from the lids, making them white and firm.
ANTISEPTIC ELECTROLYSIS, as done by Mrs. Adair, is safe and almost painless. Superfluous hair, moles, warts, red veins, etc., are removed without leaving any mark or scar.
GANESH EASTERN MUSCLE DEVELOPING OIL is the best skin food and muscle producer in the world, will of itself remove lines, strengthen and give back life to the skin. 30/6, 21/6 10/6 5/6.
GANESH DIABLE SKIN TONIC tones, strengthens and whitens the skin, closes the pores; is a splendid wash for the eyes. No one should be without this face tonic. 21/6, 10/6, 7/6, 5/6.
GANESH EASTERN CREAM keeps the skin free from chaps, making it soft and smooth; is made up to suit all skins; contains a little of the oil. 10/6, 6/6 3/6.
PATENT GANESH CHIN STRAP removes double chins, restores lost contours, takes away line running from nose to chin. 21/6 and 25/6.
PATENT GANESH FOREHEAD STRAP removes lines from forehead and corners of eyes, is good for neuralgia, 25/6.
Send for Lecture, "How to Retain and Restore the Youthful Beauty of Face and Form," 6d.; also for Corset Catalogue.

JEWSBURY & BROWN'S
ORIENTAL
Tooth Paste

POTS 1/6 & 2/6
TUBES 1/-
SOLD EVERYWHERE
SOUND WHITE TEETH
Manufactory, Manchester, England

china and linen cupboards, together with refurbishing needs in the way of curtains, carpets, linoleum, etc., at a cost that will leave but small impress on the most moderate household purse. To their usual standard stock of furniture pieces, Messrs. Hampton have added the whole of a fortunate purchase of modern furniture, acquired from a high-class firm of upholsterers and cabinet-makers. In this lot there will be found included some remarkably cheap writing bureaux, one of inlay mahogany, standing 2 ft. high, costing only 39*s.* 6*d.* A dainty Adams china cabinet, in mahogany, lined silk, is a unique bargain at £5 10*s.* There is a number of bedroom suites, wonderfully cheap; a painted white set, with Adams decoration, comprising a 3ft. wardrobe with mirror, dressing table with landscape glass, washstand with cupboard, and two chairs, has been reduced to £6 10*s.*, and is simply ideal for a young girl just promoted to her own apartment.

For carpets, Hamptons carry a name that is unrivalled, and they themselves are of opinion that the present sale is the best in actual value they have ever controlled. Briefly, the reductions amount to an unquestionable saving of from 3*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.* in every £, and Messrs. Hampton always court the closest criticism of their goods. Not content, in their catalogue, merely to detail these carpets at their clearing prices, in several specialised instances they give coloured illustrations. On several of the Turkey carpets there is a clear saving of 22½ per cent.

The Vogue of the Fox Toque

Here shown at its latest, worn in correct extinguisher manner. Around the crown of the toque is draped a green velvet scarf, through the knot of which are thrust two of the curious attenuated quills, shorn to the stems save just at the top, where the feathers shade from blue into green

DRAWN BY DOROTHY MILLAR

At John Barker's

A department at John Barker's that I could not deal with last week is the furnishing, where the reductions are of the same drastic order as obtain elsewhere. Just imagine, for instance, being able to secure the Overton Easy Chair, covered either in cretonne or tapestry, for one guinea, and in every way a desirable possession, an extra guinea securing the Bedford, a delightfully comfortable chair, the Carlton, at £4 12*s.* 6*d.* ably fulfilling every possible armchair requirement.

Special value, again, is offered in a line of mahogany bedroom suites, beautiful artistic pieces of Sheraton *genre*. The largest, 6ft. size, is reduced to £29 10*s.*, the suite consisting of a handsome inlaid wardrobe with two mirrors, pedestal, dressing-table fitted with a large swing mirror, and roomy washstand. For fifteen guineas the same exceptional value is found in a 4ft. size, the 3ft. wardrobe and component pieces coming out at only ten guineas.

THE MENU: A SIMPLE LUNCH

Green Corn Soup

Take all the white part from a head of celery and a medium-sized onion, and cut into small dice; put into a saucepan with two pints of milk, and cook until perfectly tender; then add the contents of a tin of corn; boil up again and rub through a sieve; season with pepper, salt, and a small blade of mace; add half a pint of boiled milk, and stir in gently the beaten yolks of two eggs. Boil about 1oz. of macaroni in salted water till perfectly tender (twenty minutes), cut it into small pieces, and serve in the soup as a garnish. N.B.—Tins of green corn can be obtained at any good grocer's or stores for 6½*d.*

Fillets of Sole à l'Espagnole

Bake the fillets for twenty minutes; when cooked, lay them flat on a dish, and pour the following sauce over them: Cup up a Spanish onion in thin slices and mince it. Fry the onion in butter till quite cooked without its taking colour, then add some tomatoes which have been peeled and the pips removed (there should be double as much tomato as onion), add pepper, salt, and a little cayenne pepper. Stir well on the fire till the mixture is dried up a little, but not too much. Make a heap of this on a dish, and round it arrange the fillets of sole. Strew a little finely minced parsley over all, and serve.

Poulet au Riz

Take a chicken, trussed for boiling, and put it into a stewpan with ½lb. of parboiled rice, a few peppercorns, a little salt, and enough water to well cover the fowl and rice. Let it simmer gently over a slow fire for three-quarters of an hour. When cooked, remove to a hot dish; add to the rice some pepper, salt, a gill of cream, a little nutmeg, and ½oz. of butter. Make the mixture very hot, stirring gently for five minutes, pour the sauce round the fowl, and serve with fried potato chips.

French Pancakes

Two fresh eggs, two tablespoonfuls of milk, one tablespoonful of self-raising flour, and one tablespoonful of castor sugar. Put the flour in a basin, add the sugar, and mix it well in. Make a hole in the flour, add the eggs, previously lightly beaten, and beat it all together. Have ready two buttered saucers, put half the mixture in each. Bake in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes, till a golden brown, and then spread with apricot or strawberry jam, turn each over, like a half-moon, and serve very hot.

Fruit Salad

Make some syrup by boiling three-quarters of a pint of water, ½lb. of loaf or castor sugar, and the juice from a tinned pineapple. Put the pineapple in slices, two sweet oranges in quarters, two bananas cut up, and some grapes in a bowl, and over all pour the syrup, which must be nearly cold. Serve with whipped cream in a separate dish.

Little Cheese Custards

Grate finely 3½oz. of cheese and mix it with one egg, add a quarter of a pint of boiling milk, pour the mixture into small fireproof dishes (one for each person), and bake for ten or fifteen minutes.

EMILIA.

A MESSAGE TO EVERY SKIN SUFFERER

Shows Why "Antexema" Succeeds When Everything Else Fails.

IT is well to ask yourself two or three plain questions. Why endure discomfort when you can be easy? Why suffer from redness, roughness, or dryness of the skin when it may be rendered soft, smooth, and velvety? Why suffer from maddening irritation when you can be free from discomfort? Why be tormented and disfigured by eczema when a complete cure is within your reach? Why have pimples, blackheads, or any other facial blemish, when you can have a clear complexion? Every one of these skin affections is banished by "Antexema." Why, then, endure ills which can so easily be cured?

Why Suffer from Skin Illness?

There are diseases for which, as yet, science has discovered no cure, and their victims have therefore to suffer, and long for a remedy that will alleviate their symptoms and take away their pain. Fortunately for skin sufferers, their troubles do not belong to this class. In "Antexema" is found a cure for every form of skin illness known to dermatologists. "Antexema" is just as certain as a cure for eczema in its worst, most torturing and disfiguring form as it is for roughness or chaffing of the skin, pimples, and other slight ailments. "Antexema" may be used with the same confidence for a baby as for an adult, and wherever it is used you know beforehand that a cure will be effected.

The "Antexema" treatment is a thoroughly scientific treatment. It was the great discovery of a leading medical man, who studied, investigated, and experimented until at last his efforts were crowned with success. "Antexema" was the result, and the cures it worked in his private practice were so remarkable that he determined to give this great discovery to the whole world. Its success has been marvellous. Time after time correspondents write to say that they had exhausted every other means in their endeavour to get cured, without gaining the least satisfaction. Then they tried "Antexema." The first moment they commenced with "Antexema" they began to get better. Sleep returned, irritation disappeared, and soon a complete and lasting cure was gained.

Cure your skin illness now, because the longer skin illness is neglected the harder its cure becomes. Every day you wait you are running risks. To-day your skin is merely red, rough, or irritated. Use "Antexema" at once, and the trouble will soon disappear. Delay treatment, and eczema, psoriasis, nettlerash, or some other unpleasant skin trouble will have you in its grip. Surely you do not want to run risks of this kind? Surely you wish to avoid the discomfort and suffering that skin illness inflicts? If so, there is but one wise course. Adopt the "Antexema" treatment, and thus drive away every sign of skin illness. "Antexema" cures where every so-called remedy, doctors, and skin specialists have all failed.

How "Antexema" Cures

The secret of its curative power is easy to understand. If the skin becomes broken there is an instinctive desire to keep it covered up and to prevent the entrance of dust, dirt, and disease germs, and that is the "Antexema" principle, only it is carried out in a much better way. The moment you apply "Antexema," the skin absorbs the healing and antiseptic virtues, and an invisible artificial skin is formed over the affected part. This keeps out germs, dust, grit, and everything that can do mischief, and consequently the place at once commences to heal, and you soon have a clear, spotless, beautiful skin.

Specially note that "Antexema" is not a greasy ointment. It is a liquid, which is absorbed as soon as it is applied to the skin, so that it is invisible in use, and may be used on face, neck, or hands without anyone but yourself knowing anything about the matter.

If you are a skin sufferer you cannot afford to neglect "Antexema." Give it a trial immediately. Every chemist supplies "Antexema" at 1*s.* 1½*d.* and 2*s.* 9*d.*, or it will be sent direct, post free, in plain wrapper, for 1*s.* 3*d.* and 2*s.* 9*d.*, by the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W. "Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists and Stores in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, India, South Africa, and all British Dominions. Try it to-day.

"Antexema" was a doctor's discovery, and doctors prescribe "Antexema" for every skin illness in every part of the body. Marvellous cures are effected in cases which have resisted every other treatment.

A Woman's Note Book

THE INKY SCHOOLGIRL AND THE BUTTERFLY MISS

Girls and Caterpillars

Girls are rather like caterpillars. This sounds as though it were the commencement of an essay by an elementary schoolchild, but it isn't; on the contrary, it is quite a profound sort of remark, so I hope my readers will listen to it. A caterpillar is a solemn, deliberate, well-meaning creature, which takes itself quite too seriously, and destroys the currant leaves with an audacity only comparable to the damaging force of youthful opinion. So is a little, inky, rough-haired schoolgirl solemn, and deliberate, and blundering, and well meaning, and full of the most wild ideals and boundless hopes, while she becomes oblivious to the touch of the world and material things—in much the same manner as the caterpillar inside the chrysalis; and then they each wake up—a butterfly. Where do our girls get to on the dawning of womanhood is the question I ask myself despairingly? Is the mere fact of putting up their hair demoralising, or can it be that the rapid transition from the state of being nobody (and how nice, frank, and true they are as nobody) to that of receiving honour as the young queens of households upsets their mental equilibrium?

The Good and Bad Fairies

I remember that, when a child, I one day found (with a shriek of joy) the caterpillar in the body of the butterfly. Up till then I had imagined the transition a fairy tale, which gave me an eerie feeling. But at last I had stumbled upon law and order in nature, and knew with confidence that I stood on a firm foundation. But with girls it is all fairy tale, with the accompanying necessity of good and wicked godmothers. The amiable fairy turns up at the christening and blesses them with beauty, and goodness, and attractions, and mental riches, and then the bad one arrives and says, "When you grow to the use of reason, you shall choose between your endowments." The little inky, warm-hearted, blundering schoolgirl, we know which way she chooses—certainly not in the direction of personal charm and coquetry; but the bad fairy waits her time and appears later with a host of worldly attractions, and the dear little inky schoolgirl is transformed in less time than the chrysalis (sometimes if you met her in the street you would not know her) to the butterfly. But the good fairy lingers about, as she always does in this kind of tale, and persists. "You must change. You must choose again, between the beauty of youth and that of mental maturity." And so they choose, coming out with greater brilliancy of mental endowments about forty—only they are girls no longer. Just a few resist the machinations of the bad fairy, and then her spell is broken, and they get their young beauty without any slur upon their first fresh earnestness and enthusiasm. But those cases are rare, like the princesses in the fairy tales. That is the end of the story.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Garden

Paths, Straight or Curved?

The alterations which are often made in the garden at this season generally involve some alterations in the paths, and here it is easy to go wrong. That they should not be straight seems to be the one rule that governs such matters. Within certain limits it may be justified, but when it is carried to an extreme it is apt to be irritating. It is true that straight lines rarely occur in natural landscape, but it is also true that any divergence from them is never without an adequate reason. Water, when no resistance is offered to it, runs straight downhill; a stream winds only to avoid obstacles in its way. As the object of a path is to enable us to pass from one point to another, it should never wind except for the same reason. In the utilitarian part of the grounds, the kitchen garden, we don't want obstacles; if they exist they should be removed, so that the work which has to be done there may be performed as expeditiously as possible. In other words, the paths should, as a rule, be straight, even when they are bordered with flowering plants. In the more ornamental part of the grounds near the house it is different. Here curves, being more pleasing to the eye, should be introduced, but again not without an adequate reason, and not to such a degree as to cause annoyance or even to suggest the idea of hindrance, especially as this might lead to the making of short cuts.

Hardy Bamboos

Among the plant families which have become popular in English gardens during recent years must be included the bamboos. In 1854 Loudon stated that two species, Bambusa nigra and B. arundinacea, had been tried in the Royal Horticultural Society's garden, and had been found hardy, and since then many others have been added to the list. Some of them are rather inclined to flower after a time, particularly in a very dry season, and to die afterwards, and where once the tendency shows itself there seems no way of stopping it. But all are not subject to it, nor is it always fatal to those that are, Arundinaria Simoni, for example, often flowering again and again without any apparent injury. Among the most beautiful species are A. auricoma, A. nitida, Phyllostachys Boryana, and P. nigra. They are not so large as some, but are admirable for the outskirts of the shrubbery. A sheltered nook is the most suitable position for them, so that they may be protected from strong winds. Frost is much less likely to damage them. They may be planted at any time now, except, of course, during frost. But the ground should be deeply dug and thoroughly manured. Upon this and upon a plentiful supply of water in summer their endurance will largely depend. For if they are to be prevented from flowering they must be kept growing, and this can be done only by means of an abundance of food.

H. C. DAVIDSON.

A PUFF

is needed for Vinolia Powder — not to sing its praises, but to administer its virtues. It soothes the skin—allays irritation. It is good in every sense of the word.

VINOLIA

Vinolia Powder, 1*s.*; Vinolia Cream, 1*s.* 1½*d.*
Vinolia Violet Powder, 3*d.*, 6*d.*, & 9*d.*

VO 8.

AFTER MOST CAREFUL & MINUTE RESEARCH EXTENDING OVER A PERIOD OF MANY MONTHS DEWYNTER'S SERVICE ARE NOW ABLE TO PLACE AT THE DISPOSAL OF INTENDING

VISITORS TO THE CONTINENT

Complete Information concerning all

FOREIGN HOTELS

Plans showing position of rooms on the various floors.
Photographs of Hotels – interior & exterior views.
Photographs of Towns & Resorts indicating exact position and accessibility of Hotels.
Full particulars given of local attractions, sights, fetes, excursions, etc.
Prices quoted for Rooms, Suites, & En Pension.
ALL FREE OF CHARGE

RESERVATION OF ROOMS ARRANGED & GUARANTEED

BOOKLETS & TARIFFS OF HOTELS, & MAPS OF ALL TOWNS CAN BE INSPECTED AT THE OFFICES OF

DEWYNTER'S SERVICE

11 CHARING CROSS ROAD
LONDON. W.C.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET SENT POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

TELEPHONE 3559 GERRARD.
Telegrams DEWYNTERS, LONDON.

USE "NUGGET" Polishes

"THE FINISHING TOUCH OF ELEGANCE."

The Editor's Box

King's, Hammersmith

The Babes in the Wood at this theatre is worth visiting, if only to see George Mozart as the Baron Swanker; but he is by no means the only plum in the pantomime, and Miss Gwennie Harcourt as Tilly causes endless amusement. Miss Marie Dainton, too, is a delightful Maid Marian. The scenery is very fine, the dances well arranged, and the music tuneful.

New Year's Eve in London

Nowhere in London was the festival of New Year's Eve celebrated with greater merrymaking and enjoyment than at the New Gaiety Restaurant, in the Strand. Here a large company of habitual visitors to the restaurant assembled, who, together with other guests, brought the company up to close upon a thousand. Many prominent and fashionable people were present, and the general high standard of taste and elegance in the ladies' dress was a subject of constant remark. A special and extensive menu, calculated to please the most exacting palate, was prepared for the occasion, but the ordinary supper price of 3*s.* 6*d.* was charged. The great surprise of the evening was the presentation of gold-mounted, delicately chased scent bottles to all the ladies present. The restaurant was appropriately decorated and the service was a model of deftness and quietude. On the stroke of midnight the lights were momentarily lowered, and all present joined in singing to the familiar strains of "Auld Lang Syne." An extensive and varied instrumental concert entertained the guests until two o'clock in the morning.

Long-S rvice Records

"To live long, be a soap-boiler," seems the obvious remark to make after looking at the photograph of the group of long-service workmen in the employ of Messrs. John Knight, Ltd., the well-known Primrose Soap makers. Those who stand in the top row, and have the shortest record, can boast of at least thirty years' service, while there are two old pensioners, seated in the front row, who can boast of sixty years' work for the firm, from which they have now retired on a pension. To turn to Messrs. Knight's products, purity is the most desirable of all attributes in soaps, and this is pre-eminently the characteristic of all made by Messrs. John Knight, Ltd., who are, by the way, soapmakers to the King and winners of the Grand Prix at the Franco-British Exhibition. The delicately perfumed "Natural Bouquet" toilet soaps, Shavallo shaving soap, and numerous other preparations of the Royal Primrose Soap Works, can all be highly recommended.

A Fine Long-Service Record

A group of workmen all of whom have been in the employ of Messrs. John Knight, Ltd., the well-known manufacturers of Royal Primrose Soap, for periods varying from thirty to sixty years

The New Thames Yacht Club

This well-known club, at Gravesend, having now definitely decided to close its doors, is, we understand, shortly dispersing the whole of the contents of the premises by auction. Among the numerous items to come under the hammer are some mural paintings by Clarkson Stansfield (so much admired by the *habitués* of the fine old Georgian dining-room), some old silver and Sheffield plate, the brass and gun-metal cannon, two fine sets of code signals, a billiard table, and the cellar of choice wines. Hampton and Sons are the auctioneers entrusted with the sale, and doubtless many of the members and friends who have enjoyed the hospitality of the club will be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity to obtain a souvenir of the old club-house.

Messrs. Hamptons have recently sold by private treaty "Devanha House," New Southgate, a roomy house in unusually good gardens, which was offered by them by auction lately.

The Queen's Travelling Saloon

The North-Eastern Railway Company's new saloon for the special use of Queen Alexandra contains vestibule, day room, dining-room (with a movable partition to make it a sleeping compartment at night), and dressing room; also apartments for Princess Victoria, and an attendants' compartment. The Queen's day and dining rooms, carried out in the Adams style, present a most chaste and elegant appearance. The furniture is of satinwood, inlaid with ebony and sycamore, and covered with a rich silk brocade.

Rowland's Kalydor

A most Soothing and Refreshing Preparation for the Skin, and makes the

FACE AND NECK

beautifully Soft and White. It effectually disperses Freckles, Redness, Roughness of the Skin, Cures, Soothes, and Heals all Irritation, Cutaneous Eruptions, Spots, &c., renders the

NECK SOFT AND SMOOTH,

and produces a Beautiful, Pure, and Delicate Complexion. Bottles, **2/3** & **4/6**. Of Stores, Chemists, and ROWLAND'S, 67, Hatton Garden, London. Avoid worthless substitutes, and buy only Rowland's Kalydor.

Welcome always, Keep it handy

GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY.

Sold Everywhere.

Made from delicious Kent Morella Cherries.

Also Grant's Sloe Gin, Cherry Whisky, &c.

TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS.

Instant Relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, & Whooping Cough by the use of **Potter's Asthma Cure,** in **1/-** Tins. Sold everywhere. For FREE SAMPLE send postcard to **POTTER & CLARKE, Ltd.,** Artillery Lane. London, E. *Mention this paper.*

INSTANT RELIEF.

CHARING-CROSS BANK. Est. 1870.

28, BEDFORD ST., CHARING CROSS, LONDON, and 39, BISHOPSGATE ST. WITHIN, LONDON, E.C. Branches: Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, &c. **Assets £1,607,949. Liabilities £1,236,871. Surplus £371,078**

LOANS of £30 to £2,000 granted at a few hours' notice in Town or Country, on personal security, jewellery, precious stones, stocks, shares, and furniture, without removal.

Stocks and Shares bought and sold.

2½ per cent. allowed on Current account balances.

DEPOSITS of £10 and upwards received as under. Subject to 3 months' Notice of Withdrawal, 5 p.c. per ann.

" 6 " " " 6 " "

" 12 " " " 7 " "

Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly. Owing to the nature of our investments, we are able to pay rates of interest on deposits that will compare favourably with dividends paid on almost any class of stock or share holding insuring the safety of capital. We have been established for 39 years, and our position in the Banking World to-day, testifies to the success of our business methods and to the satisfaction of our customers. Write or call for Prospectus

A. WILLIAMS, H. J. TALL, Joint Managers

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

BURROUGHES and WATTS. Billiard Tables. ALL SIZES. New and Second hand. 19, Soho Square, W.

"VIX" the Best Dressing for Alpine Boots or Golf Shoes. Sold by over 1,000 Bootmakers and Golf Professionals, 1/-; or "VIX," 10, Basinghall Street, London.